

the Monster Times

Metu Gott!
It's another issue of
the MONSTER TIMES!

You were expecting maybe
za old 'soft-shoe'?

Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle, the latest and strangest reincarnations of Dr. Frankenstein and his immortal Monster, bid you enter another above-average, top-notch, standard issue of the newest MONSTER TIMES. Inside this issue—one spot! will our usual eerie excursions—you'll meet not only YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN, in Mark Jacobson's critique of Mel Brooks's Mary Shelley's uneasy alliance, but also—looo!—six, six—celluloid adaptations of Ms. Shelley's masterpiece in Jason Thomas' THE SIX VERSIONS OF FRANKENSTEIN. Also on view in this specially illustrated edition of TMT are IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (in his—or his—very own timboski), Howard Phillips' exhaustive study of WERE WOLVES IN THE COMICS, Ron Heydock's crash course on how to make a mummy, a look at MONSTER MOVIE COMICS, an exclusive TMT! with such loooooo horror host ZACHARLY, and other items of a vital & relevant nature. Yes, this issue of THE MONSTER TIMES will chill you, thrill you and, if you prefer any stuff from our mail order department, even bill you. And if you don't find everything you wanted to see in this issue, don't worry, there's always a next time.

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

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Few are the sci-fi fans who will wax enthusiastic over Edward L. Cahn's modestly-budgeted 1958 fright release, **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**. But horror film expert Dennis P. Mitchell considers **IT!** a minor classic of claustrophobic terror and a good example of the kind of scientific sci-fi that can be crafted by solid professionals, despite a paucity of funds. You'll see what we mean in author Mitchell's royal **TMT** filmbook treatment of an exciting unsung opus, **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**, which begins herewith...

IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE was one of the most interesting — and neglected — movies of the Fifties. Played by former cowboy star Ray "Crash" Corrigan in a stealer suit designed by makeup maven Paul Blaisdell, **IT!** provided fright fans with every anxious moment in this unsung claustrophobic classic.

under a black, star-studded sky (a very effective miniature set), and we hear actor Marshall Thompson's voice-over prologue narration:

"This was the planet Mars as my crew and I first saw it...dangerous, treacherous, alive with something we came to know only as death. This was what we faced when our spaceship cracked up in landing just six months ago, in January of this year 1973. But it seems as if six centuries passed before a rescue ship arrived, for today, of all my crew, I, Colonel Edward Carruthers of the United States Space Command, am the only one alive. Now I will be going back to face my superiors on Earth in Washington...and perhaps them, too, I will find another kind of death."

The scene shifts to the Science Advisory Committee's Division of Interplanetary Exploration in Washington, D.C., where the press has been called in for a special briefing by government officials. They are told that the first attempt to reach Mars, the "Challenge III,"



IT!

THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE

BY DENNIS P. MITCHELL

A hellish monster from Mars...howling for all the flesh and blood on Earth...it reaches through space, it scoops up men and women, it gorges on blood!

So proclaimed the newspaper and radio advertisements late in the summer of 1958 for United Artists' new science fiction/horror thriller, **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**, being released nationally on a double bill with **CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN**. Rarely screened today, even on television, **IT!** was not only highly underrated by critics (as might be expected) but has also been almost totally ignored by science fiction film fans and magazines as well. The reasons for this neglect are rather unclear, especially when you consider that **IT!** was one of the very best sci-fi films of the 1950s. Perhaps the widespread scorn for the movies of that decade (with the exception of cult films like **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, **WAR OF THE WORLDS** and **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**) has been

responsible to some extent, but the filmmakers, by using a title that invites ridicule and a publicity campaign that gave no indication of the film's high quality, were also partially to blame.

Following the opening title and credit music (the same theme used in **KRONOS** the year before and **GIGANTIS**, **THE FIRE MONSTER** in 1959), the camera pans along a rocky, barren alien landscape

Gas-masked members of the Earth-bound crew struggle to keep hostile Martian slow-creeps from destroying them as he destroyed the crew of the Challenge 141, a crime for which Challenge Commander Edward Carruthers had been wrongfully held responsible.

had reached its destination months ago, but televisual communications ceased immediately and it was thought that the crew had perished. The expedition was under the leadership of Colonel Carruthers, who, years before, had been the first man to be shot into space and the man who had pioneered interplanetary space travel. Two months ago, a second ship was dispatched to Mars to learn the fate of the earlier mission. Only one hour before this press conference was scheduled to begin, a communication was received from Colonel Van Heusen (Kim Spalding), the Commander of the second ship: it has been discovered that Edward Carruthers was alive on Mars and was the sole survivor of the Challenge 141. He will now be brought back to Earth by Van Heusen...to stand trial in a court martial for the murder of the rest of the crew!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON MARS...

Back on Mars, Carruthers continues: "The rescue ship is ready to return to Earth. I am to spend the next four months with strangers—a crew of men and women who have but one purpose, to see that I face a military firing squad." Just before





The monstrous Martian breaks through a hatch in the floor of the air-filled spacecraft in a frenzied attempt to lay siege to the hapless crew members. All efforts to contain the restless monster to his quarters proved totally unsuccessful.

takoff. Van Heusen notices on his instrument panel that the emergency airlock in "C" compartment has been left open by Lieutenant James Calder (Paul Langton), who had been dumping some empty crates overboard. The hatch is closed, but not before a strange and mossy shape enters the ship and hides in the concealing darkness of the cargo hold.

Van Heusen is firmly convinced of Carruthers' guilt in connection with the deaths of his nine crew members ("By the time we reach Earth, I'll have his confession on tape!") despite his story of a mysterious creature on Mars having been responsible for these murders. He assumes that Carruthers, knowing that he and his crew had crashed on the planet with little or no hope of rescue, had calculated that the food and supplies on board would have lasted the entire crew a year...and ten years if he murdered the others and used the provisions for himself. Shortly after leaving the Red Planet, Van Heusen shows Carruthers a human skull he had found on the Martian desert. From dental records brought from Earth, an identification was made: it is that of Carruthers' crewman Frank Renner... and the skull has a bullet hole in it. "There's only one kind of monster that uses bullets!" Van Heusen observes acidly, and the evidence against Carruthers seems incontestable.

Not all of the crew is as hostile to Carruthers as Van Heusen, however. Ann Anderson, a young geologist who is in love with Van Heusen and hates to see him so vindictive against Carruthers, asks to hear the latter's version of what had happened. "We were all outside the ship," Carruthers explains, "exploring the southern tip of Syris Major. Suddenly, a sandstorm came up and we started back. I was driving the jeep; the sand was so thick we could barely see. We were almost back to the ship when Cartwright just...disappeared. One minute he was there and the next minute he was gone, as if something had just plucked him out of the jeep like candy out of a box. We heard a weird sort of sound, then we thought we saw a dark shape running near the jeep and we started shooting at it. A few moments later, Kenner, all the rest, were gone. I was the only one who made it back to the ship. When the sandstorm quit, I went out and searched all over. There wasn't a sign of them." Ann half-believes his story and tells Van Heusen that it isn't for him to determine whether or not

found in his quarters or anywhere on the ship. During the search, Gino Finelli (Richard Harvey) also mysteriously disappears while in the cargo hold. Carruthers then finds Kienholz' body, shriveled almost beyond recognition and stuffed inside a grating leading to the Air Generation and Moisture Recovery Section. Major John Purdue (Robert Rice) explores the interior of a ventilator duct in "C" compartment and uncovers not only the dying Gino but the monster as well. His face is savagely clawed by the creature as he escapes, and he and the rest of the crew are forced to leave Gino behind after Carruthers, Van Heusen and Calder wire the room with grenades and flee to safety in the upper half of the ship.

Everyone on the ship now realizes that Carruthers has been telling the truth after all, and even Van asks him if he knows what the creature is. Carruthers, too, is baffled, but Eric Royce (Dabbs Greer) offers a theory. "You say it's man-shaped, humanoid? Perhaps there was once an civilization on Mars; it ended. Disease, war, something terrible. The Martians—what was left of them—went back to barbarism...savagely murderers."

Shortly, the enraged creature knocks open the ventilator duct and sets off the grenades, but they have no effect at all on the beast's thick, scaly skin. Five of the crewmen go down to investigate, but Calder's rifle is seized and bent in two by the beast. It lunges at them and tears a door to shreds as if it were made of paper; their point-blank volley of gunfire is useless and they barely manage to escape. It is decided to use gas bombs on the mon-

ster, but, during the ensuing battle, the creature scratches Van Heusen's foot with its huge claw. Infection quickly sets in, and Mary Royce (Ann Dora) finds that she cannot control it with drugs. She has also completed an autopsy on Kienholz and found that his cause of death was cellular collapse and dehydration; not one molecule of oxygen or one drop of water was left in his body. Blood, bone marrow, glandular secretions, moisture in the tissues...every ounce of edible fluid in his body was gone, probably through some alien form of osmosis, as there were no puncture wounds, Eric Royce isn't surprised. "Mars is a world almost totally without water or oxygen," he observes. "The creature's entire being is probably organized to feed in that manner. It preys on smaller creatures which, in turn, feed off the sand itself...converting their intake and hoarding it as water."

SINISTER STOWAWAY

Soon, though, the question of Carruthers' innocence or guilt is abruptly decided when the crew discovers that a hideous Martian beast has stowed away on board the ship. First come strange disappearances; during a card game, Carruthers hears a distant scream from the lower recesses of the ship, after which Joe Kienholz (Thom Carney) cannot be

found, but, during the ensuing battle, the creature scratches Van Heusen's foot with its huge claw. Infection quickly sets in, and Mary Royce (Ann Dora) finds that she cannot control it with drugs. She has also completed an autopsy on Kienholz and found that his cause of death was cellular collapse and dehydration; not one molecule of oxygen or one drop of water was left in his body. Blood, bone marrow, glandular secretions, moisture in the tissues...every ounce of edible fluid in his body was gone, probably through some alien form of osmosis, as there were no puncture wounds, Eric Royce isn't surprised. "Mars is a world almost totally without water or oxygen," he observes. "The creature's entire being is probably organized to feed in that manner. It preys on smaller creatures which, in turn, feed off the sand itself...converting their intake and hoarding it as water."

Meanwhile, the monster breaks through to another, higher level of the ship through the center floor hatch ("Exploring

...testing!"), and soon the crew will have nowhere to hide or escape the evil clutches of the Martian. A plan is hastily formulated to electrocute the beast, but in order to do so they will have to surprise it by coming up from below. Therefore, Carruthers and Calder must exit from the control room emergency air lock, travel down the outside of the spaceship and then re-enter at the air lock on the motor level...just one level below the monster. The others who remain above will have to try and distract the creature by talking and making noise so that, hopefully, it won't hear Carruthers and Calder coming in underneath. (Interestingly, the small talk used to distract the monster is dubbed in on the soundtrack and consists of entire lines of dialogue and banter that were heard earlier in the film.) Enough voltage is to be directed into wires attached to an inter-level ladder to kill thirty human beings. "The only drawback," points out Carruthers, "is the thing isn't buman!"

HOW TO MAKE A MARTIAN MAD

The plan works well until they lure the Martian onto the electrified ladder.



After their attempts to electrocute the hungry Martian fail, a crew member utilizes a bazooka in yet another futile effort to invent the raving Tarrar.



These unfortunate crewmen find themselves at the mercy of the mad Martian monster, and mercy is not a quality that many mad Martians must possess in anything approaching abundance.

Unfortunately, the voltage only succeeds in angering it more than ever. It claws Calder and, after his leg is broken in the struggle, traps him between a series of induction pumps. He cannot drag himself to the air lock, and Carruthers is forced to flee there just before the monster would have reached him as well.

Upstairs, Eric Royce contacts Calder through his spaceship radio and tries to reassure him. "We'll try to figure out some way to get you out of there," he promises to which Calder quips, "Just send C.A.R.E. packages!" The monster tries repeatedly to reach behind the induction pumps to get at Calder, but he was luckily able to snare an acetylene torch and direct the flame into the monster's eyes each time it approaches him. He resigns himself to being; there for the duration, however long that may last; the creature must either kill them or starve, and they must kill it or die. It may not be long until the final outcome is decided.

Not only is Van Heusen's condition worsening by the hour, but Major Purdue—whose face was clawed by the

This creepy closeup of the monster's violent visage tells us quite a bit about his anti-social attitudes. The mean, narrow eyes, upturned snout, bared teeth and irrevocably protruding tongue are dead giveaways. This is one Martian who's definitely out for blood... or oxygen... at the very least.



creature when it was first discovered in the ventilator duct—is now succumbing to infection as well. The alien bacteria are attacking the bone marrow, resulting in a leukemia condition. Mary Royce is struggling valiantly to combat the infection with drugs, but more fresh blood is needed for transfusions. None is left in the dispensary and it becomes obvious that the men will die unless someone goes down to the supply level for more. Carruthers, Eric Royce and Bob Finsell (Richard Benedict), the late Gino's brother, are just about to attempt the mission when Calder (who is now acting as the crew's vital link in keeping track of the monster's activities) radios that the creature has just entered the Atomic Reactor Room #6 with Gino's body. Now seems like the perfect opportunity not only to obtain the needed blood but also to rescue Calder and lock the creature in the reactor room. By remote control, the reactor room door is sealed with the monster trapped inside, and the three men descend quickly to the depths of the ship.

While Carruthers and Royce head for the blood supplies, Finsell reaches Calder and manages to lift him out from behind the machinery. With the creature safely imprisoned, it appears that their mission will succeed. At that very moment, however, Van Heusen (who is now in a delirium from the fever) gets out of bed and presses the button which will unshield the reactor itself despite desperate attempts by Ann and Mary to restrain him. "The radiation will kill it!" he insists. "It's enough to kill a hundred men!" The blinding radiance from the atomic furnace drives the creature into a frenzy and it breaks out of the reactor room, seizing and killing Finsell. Calder hastily retreats to his safe hiding place and both Carruthers and Royce manage to escape with the vital blood supplies.

The remaining crewmembers realize that it is no longer possible to stay where they are and so climb to the control room. "There is nothing to do but wait now,"

voices Carruthers. "Nothing to do but see if the beast will reach us through the center hatch. We can go no higher; we are in the top level of the ship. This is where either we die, or it dies." Still in communication with Calder, whose air supply is rapidly running out, they ask him if he can still see the creature. "By a death," he replies. "It's been sitting here for the last half hour licking its chops!"

A BREATHELESS CLIMAX

Suddenly, Royce and Carruthers notice a strange and puzzling fact reflected on the ship's instrument panel: the oxygen

consumption level is way up on board the ship, 40% over every previous maximum. The gas bombs would not have affected the air that much, and no leaks are reflected in pressure changes. The truth comes in a flash...the creature! It must have enormous lungs for the thin Martian air, and the only way that they can kill it is by letting all the air out of the ship! Royce and Carruthers agree that the oxygen level can be built up again later, and Calder can take refuge in the air lock while the creature is occupied elsewhere. Everyone speedily dons a spacesuit just as the monster begins its last-ditch assault on the ship and its crew. Tearing apart level after level in a savage alien fury ("It's going nuts!" screams Calder), it finally breaks through to the control room. A final attempt is made to destroy the beast with bazooka fire, but that fails. Worse still, the monster blocks access to the air lock switch. Not a moment too soon, the dying Van Heusen bravely risks the creature's wrath and manages to activate the control in a last gesture to save his companions. In a mighty whirlwind of dust and loose objects, all of the free air in the rocket is sucked out into the vacuum of outer space. The Martian monster struggles to breathe and roars in pain and defeat for several agonizing minutes, but it finally collapses, dead. The battle has been won.

On Earth, the press has been summoned back to the United States



The marauding Martian begins to succumb to the Earthlings' emergency plan, as the scene quickly becomes a case of air, air everywhere, and nary a molecule to breathe.

Space Command Headquarters. "You've been called here again," they are told, "to receive further information about the story which was given to you last night. I will read you the text of a teletype message received from the 'Challenge 142' less than an hour ago."

"This is Eric Royce talking. Of the nineteen men and women who have set foot

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



The creature squeezes up with another unlucky astronaut and proceeds to drain every edible ounce of fluid from his body. Surviving crew members quickly learn that the only way to destroy the beast is by somehow denying him his oxygen fix.



Royce and Carruthers make the desperate decision to let all available oxygen out of the ship, a plan that soon leaves the monster breathless.

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A rather impressive werewolf, all things considered, presided Dr. Somo's Thing with several tense moments in a brief tale called MONSTER ON THE MOORS, from SWAMP THING #2 (1972), a Len Wein-Drew Wrightson-John Orlando presentation. "Use animal logic" was this lycanthrope's long suit.

When we first told comics maven Howard Phillips that we had not the space to allow him to write about every single werewolf ever to appear in a comic book, he let out a long, low howl and wrapped a hairy paw about the scrawny neck of an unfortunate TMT editorial lackey. Only massive doses of forcibly administered whiskey abated Mr. Phillips' admirable anger and, when he "became himself again," he reluctantly agreed to keep his completist tendencies in check, at least as far as the following article was concerned. We'd like to fang Mr. Phillips for his cooperation in this matter, but we haven't seen hide nor even hair of him since the rise of the last full moon.

As one might expect, a history of werewolves in comic books would be far too extensive to fit into just two pages of *The Monster Times* because of this reason, I've decided to discuss only certain tales that may be of particular interest to readers. Some of these are quite bad, but others are rather good. Toward the end of this piece, I'll be covering the werewolf requires that appear in today's Marvel comics. We will undoubtedly do a follow-up article on the "history of Werewolves in Comics," but that won't be for a while. Until then, perhaps the story that you now hold in your hairy little hands will tide you over I hope so, because that's all you're gonna get for now.

One of my favorite werewolf stories is one that appeared in an old EC comic during the 1950's I don't know the title of it, but it related how a male lycanthrope (that's technical or semi-creature, of course) married a female vampire and lived happily ever after. At the end of the tale, the wretched woman gave birth to a monstrous-looking little girl (?), who turned out to be The Old Witch naturally, everybody knows that she was one of the three characters who introduced many of EC's terror tales! It was really a touching origin—if you're partial to monsters, of course.

The only lycanthrope story that appears in the "E.C. Classics Reprints" is a three-issue "series," which is really THE HAUNT OF FEAR #23 (1954). It was called "No Silver Bullet" and it dealt with the survivors of a trans-Pacific airliner that crashed into the ocean. They ended up on a deserted island, and one by one they were slaughtered in the night by an unknown beast. Prior to his first attack, the wolf will not touch and disposed of all the silver on the site (hence, the punny title). At the suspense-filled finale, the heroine managed to stab the monster with a medicine laced with silver nitrate from a medical kit! How novel! If you would like, you can read this tale and many others—in color—by ordering the reprints from *The Monster Times*. They're really worth the price, and they're a lot cheaper than the originals are.

WORST OF THE WEREWOLVES

During the early 1950's, there was a number of really cheap, crummy comic book reprints that had been inspired by the usual fare books. Many of these nasty tales (bodily written, drawn, edited, etc.) are currently being reprinted in black-and-white magazines by "Starline" and "Terror Publications." They're really bad news, and I can't understand why they're still on the newsstands (America, what the hell are you doing?).

If this werewolf from Starline's CHILLING TALES OF HORROR #6 (1970) isn't one of the worst you've ever just unfortunate eyes on, then you must have been exposed to some pretty lousy lycanthropes in your time.



This lousy lycanthrope cover from Erie Publications' HORROR TALES #6 (1970) remained in one of many "stone-cold" issues that shock that appeared in that new different publication.

are you kidding? The original books are never credited in these time-wasters, so I'll discuss a few stories and one the reprints that they were reprinted in. I could only scratch the tip of these losers, but there are—unfortunately—a lot more of them around! In CHILLING TALES OF HORROR #6 (1970), a jerk called the "Werewolf Lacerator" appeared. He went around resurrecting ghosts and turning them into lycanthropes, which is a neat trick, if you know what you're doing (which he didn't). Anyway, the last man to be transformed eventually turned against the pack and killed the leader in the end (we owe him to it, of course). As a result, the feature was saved, but the hero returned to the grave "laughing ha-ha!"

"Werewolf Castle," in TALES FROM THE TOMB, vol. 3, #3, was a much more complicated. It was introduced by an old bag who closely resembled EC's lovable Old Wally, and if that isn't a rip-off, I don't know what is! The story began with a newly-married couple, who decided to spend some time at the secluded castle that the story was cruffly named after. There, they met a bunch





According to our copy, Marvel's **WOLF BY NIGHT** is easily the best of the new comic series. Correspondents in various countries. The comic panel from **WOLF BY NIGHT** #1, by Doug Menefee, with Dan Curtis, Harris on the cover, showing the werewolf and his newly psychotic sister. The next six issues are all big rips on the new series. Who says there's nothing new under the sun?

Jack the Ripper was alive and not well (eventually) in contemporary London. A journalist discovered the mews a week or two ago, and everything seemed to be turning out all right. Until the police inspector who was both Jack the Ripper and a werewolf, too, attacked him by the light of the full moon. Not bad, but I think Robert Bloch did it first in "Years Truly, Jack the Ripper" (without the lycanthropy). By the way, there are a lot of interesting "Ripper" films that we might cover in a future issue of **TMT**. It anybody interested?

A "true original" title was given to a story that appeared in **WEIRD**, vol. 5, #4, "Werewolf." This, by a different, tongue-in-cheek version of the Little Red Riding Hood fairy tale. The introduction was done by the "Old

The big bad wolf who springs from gentry's bed turned out to be a mere wolf with a genuine werewolf in Ed's Publisher's office. **WEIRD** #6 (1973)

Cross," another poor copy of one of Ed's regulars, and her tale took place in the Chesapeake Bay region of Virginia. As one might expect the "wolf" was really a werewolf, and he got himself away by the famous woodland Hungary for R.H.H.'s flesh. He again wanted to get her. The hunter always interested, though, and he was rewarded for his efforts by "Red," who admitted that she was a vampire just before she killed him. Not too swift, but somewhat better than the average horror story that this company publishes. Stay away from these two volumes all costs!

COCA COLA LYCANTHROPY BAN

Quite a few super-heroes have been ousted by lycanthropes lately—ever since the Comics Code Authority raised up on their ridiculously stringent restrictions a few years ago. Nowadays, such monsters run pretty rampant as comic books, and a few creatures even have their own series. These are looking mighty good, and the Code's symbol is only a minor nuisance. Every issue I especially tend of using monsters, but DC is trying to catch up as much as they can. I plan to do a piece on demons in coming time, but for right now I've got to stick to the furry feds.

Considering all of the things that Jimmy Olsen (Superman's pal) went through, I suppose it was inevitable that he would be turned into a werewolf (physically) by this tale. —Jimmy Olsen, **Walt-Maria**, reprinted in a 1969 giant issue, and I haven't said it once. Anyway, the transformation was caused by Mr. Mygale's magic lamp from another dimension who always goes **Superman**. Rejected by Lucy Lane, Jimmy's girlfriend, the villain got revenge on the Daily Planet reporter, forcing him to drink a "man's poison" from his own refrigerator. Mygale's collection. The stuff was supposed to be a werewolf, but a barber's nightmare as soon as the full moon rose. The antidote was supposed to be a kiss from a beautiful maiden, but Supergirl, Lois and Lucy Lane, Lois Larrabee (Lois married Don Allen), and Lana Lang all failed to cure him. Finally, a horridly gay friend, Mr. Mygale's dimwit, broke the spell and locked the culprit into returning to his own world.

In 1973, Jack Kirby's **Demon** was attacked in issue #5 by "Howler," who appeared to be a werewolf who possessed by the supremely ancient and evil "Primal Entity." This monstrous thing sought to gain control of the **Demon's** emotional body, but Etzgen's formidable demon-flame seemed to destroy it at the end of the book in the last panel, though, a strong hint was given that Howler still resided in another body. He has yet to return. The **Demon** was a wondrous good and interesting series, and it really too bad that it was discontinued if you liked it, write and demand that it be restored!

During the same year, the **Swamp Thing** fought against a lycanthrope in the 4th issue of the **Swamp Thing** magazine. The story took place in the South. Moore and Moore were something special about this particular werewolf—he was white in color! He turned out to be the victim of an elderly couple who were in court for a total blood transfusion

Before the experiment was even begun, though, he changed and mended. Although, the heroine of the series, **The Swamp Thing** mended, and at the end a chandelier rimmed with silver was employed against the snarling murderer. While on the subject of the **Swamp Thing**, I think that this series is the best that DC has ever done, unfortunately, Len Wein and Bernie Wrightson no longer work on it, but it's still pretty good. Check it out if you haven't already done so. The latest issue has from continuing an, honest-to-God, demon, son hell!

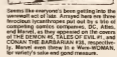
COHAN THE BARBARIAN #3 (1974), the heroic Cimmerian got an opportunity to battle Ulthar, the White-Wolf, and her slobbering mate. One dark evening, Conan used a magic dust to capture the male beast, but he had intended to make LuluLu his prisoner. When the female arrived on the scene, she stood by helplessly as Conan thrust his hand into the captive creature. The thing suffered, but it did not die. Soon afterward, Conan learned what he wanted to know and escaped on the horns of an enemy—whom he left to the fury of the lycanthropes.

In the first issue of **Alma's Tales of the Dark** (1973), there were three new short stories about a demon, a vampire, and you guessed it! A werewolf. The furry tale was called "A



WOLF BY NIGHT #1 (1973), and **WOLF BY NIGHT** #2 (1973), and was awarded his own book soon afterward. Since then, this character has had a number of appearances, and he's had the pleasure (I'd of battling some interesting opponents. Some of them include the character in **TOMB OF DRACULA** #18 and **WEREWOLF BY NIGHT** #15 (both in 1974), and **WOLF BY NIGHT**, who originated in **GIANT-SIZED CREATURES** #1 (1974). The latter is particularly interesting because he's appearing in a black-and-white format. **MONSTERS UNLEASHED!** These tales are often written in the first person, and they usually reveal a great deal about the character of this anti-hero. To date, he misanthropically hasn't killed any good guys, but he sure has killed a lot of villains. In issue #28 the newest one at the time of this writing, his younger sister finally succumbed to the family curse and was transformed into a fleshly lycanthrope. I really can't say what until I had the follow-up story!

John Jameson, the **Man-Wolf**, made his first appearance in **MARVEL SPIDER-MAN** #12 (1973). He's an irrational werewolf (blue-white in color) who changes form every month because of a mutation that he's gotten to the **Iron** (Natal) Nation, this is a story about the family curse and what he went on a secret journey to the moon. He has a lot of interesting adventures. **CREATURES ON THE LOOSE**, and it's not too stimulating. He is the second best werewolf I've read of his own book, and my opinion is that one is enough. It was okay when **Man-Wolf** popped up once in a while to challenge a super-hero, but Marvel seems to be overdoing their monster-creature craze. I feel a little for a **TMT** writer to claim!



THAT'S ALL FOLKS...
The preceding is by no means a complete coverage, but it gave you a brief look of some of the good and bad points of lycanthropy history. I'm really surprised that DC doesn't have a regular, wolfman-constating that they have had the very first **Demon**, the **Swamp**, the **Frankenstein**, **Howler**, and **WOLF BY NIGHT**, but maybe some day one will come along along with **Alma's Tales of the Dark** itself to be none too original in most instances, we can't help but hope that some day we can have more, too, their rearing **Marlock** 2001 is sort of one, but I'm sure they'll do better.

Of course, Warren and Skywald were a little better about the lycanthropes, but they don't publish comic books, thus, as usual, they get passed over in this article. Incidentally, I suppose why this article took so long to appear is that I was just announced when I was 100% sure that someone put wolfman all around my typewriter, and I only managed to get a large friend and I'm sorry to take in the nasty pages. If you believe that, I can say that he writes you nasty!

Jimmy Olsen went from a life-size statue to a furry beast when he drank Mr. Mygale's magic lamp. —Jimmy Olsen, **Walt-Maria**, reprinted in a 1969 giant issue, and I haven't said it once. Anyway, the transformation was caused by Mr. Mygale's magic lamp from another dimension who always goes **Superman**. Rejected by Lucy Lane, Jimmy's girlfriend, the villain got revenge on the Daily Planet reporter, forcing him to drink a "man's poison" from his own refrigerator. Mygale's collection. The stuff was supposed to be a werewolf, but a barber's nightmare as soon as the full moon rose. The antidote was supposed to be a kiss from a beautiful maiden, but Supergirl, Lois and Lucy Lane, Lois Larrabee (Lois married Don Allen), and Lana Lang all failed to cure him. Finally, a horridly gay friend, Mr. Mygale's dimwit, broke the spell and locked the culprit into returning to his own world.



(descended from a real werewolf, naturally), his wife, and an ugly hunchbacked servant (figure). Before long, the vampire baroness sinks her fangs into the male guest, and the resident wolfman by the female conquer in the neck. Later on, the honeymooners recovered and discovered that the monsters had disappeared. The hunchback informed the pair that they were now monsters—the wife was a vampire, and the husband a werewolf. They would remain as such until another unfortunate couple asked to take their place. What I want to know is, why wasn't the man a vampire since he was bitten by one, and why wasn't the woman a werewolf, instead of vice versa? A real garbage story, I must say!

seven female tales. Was the **Beast** I seem I point out that the titles of these putrid offerings often left much to be desired? In a 1, a kidnapped man was rescued from an island. On the ship, he soon discovered that a monster whom he had befriended on the sea (sure!) had secretly boarded the vessel. The creature turned out to be a werewolf, and the man found himself slowly changing form. When the rescued fellow finally returned home, he murdered the man, but then presented his monstrous companion from slaying his wife and daughter. The two nudes went on a wild hunting spree after that, until a policeman's normal bullets cut down both of them! What is it!

The most interesting of these tales was "Ghoulish Feast" (from **HORROR TALES**, vol. 3, #6), which claimed that

Marvel's **Man Wolf** may have to live on heels in order to get his way, but **Wolfe** by **Night**, **Marvel's** leading lycanthrope, seems able to get by on a shoe sole. **Man-Wolf** resound **Gratias** in the **Amazing Spider-Man** #12 (1973) by writer **Clayton** and artist **John**. **Wolfe** by **Night** struck its own with this tale in the **TOMB OF DRACULA** #18 (1974) by **Mar**



The Scene

In keeping with the current reveal of things obscure, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where readers normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column. **THE MONSTER SCENE** brought to you by your friendly friends at the field (TMT listens for the sound of applause.)

AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN US YOUR BUSINESS WE'LL SHAKE YOUR HAND...



A BIG HAND

According to this ad for Lettec Office Products Center, after you give that company the business they'll shake your hand "but never your goodwill" and, as you can see, their official glad-header is none other than the Frankenstein Monster. We're not quite certain of the implications of their pitch but we're sure their hearts are in the right place. If not, we can always refer them to a good surgeon.

MONSTERS EVERYWHERE

monsters everywhere musing in on the old house a couple of them just ate the horn. what can we do? try to send up smoke signals? i look at it this way, why not try to communicate with them, try to reason with them, show them how they'd be wrong trying to swallow us up.

I don't know about you, doc, but I'm gonna to make a run for it. —Donald Lee

FROM BAD TO VERSE

Also appearing in the January 1978 issue of **THE VILLAGE VOICE** was this master poem by Donald Lee Entablers: "Monsters Everywhere," the poem is the first we've seen on the subject since Edward Field's **VARIETY PHOTO PLAYS**, a collection of poems inspired by movies (including a few of the horror variety) Fields saw at the Variety Photo Plays, a droll double-feature theater in New York's Lower East Side. As for Mr. Lee's monstrous verse, we may not know anything about what we like but we know what's Art, and this is surely it.



COMIC CLUB

How many colleges can boast of their very own Comics Club? There may be others, but the School of Visual Arts in New York City is the only one to

come to our attention. This superhero sketch for the S.V.A. Comics Club appeared in *Art*, the school's newspaper, and served to announce the

establishment of a Comics Library in the school. And to think that all one time students were actively **DISCOURAGED** from bringing comic books to class. We've certainly come a long way since then, no?

WOLFBANK

TMT reader Dee Magers of Columbus, Georgia sent us this ad for the Trust Company of Columbus. "The Bank for folks who keep strange hours." A by-catchup of Larry Talbot's stature for **ANY** self-respecting werewolf, for that matter, wouldn't be caught dead filling out a withdrawal slip were he short on cash; more likely it would be a matter of take what you want and be off with you. As for the rest of TCC's depositories, they might be wise to consider their folding greenery into silver bullets.

The Bank for folks who keep strange hours.



SATURDAY! JOIN THE SUPER HEROES AT A&S PARAMOUNT

COME IN AND MEET MARVEL COMICS... A&S CELEBRATES THE OPENING OF ITS NEW SUPER-HERO SHOP WITH 1 OF THE SUPER-EST HEROES EVER!

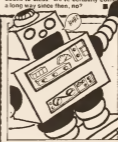
ABRAHAM STRAUSS



SUPERHERO SHOP

Marvel superheroes Captain America and Spider-Man put in a much-heralded appearance at the Abraham & Strauss Super Hero Shop in Paramus, New Jersey this December 7th past. Unfortunately, said Super-Hero Shop, which according to this ad appeared in the December 6th edition of **THE RECORD** featured "toy," games, t-shirts, posters, books, calendars, towels and first-collectors comics of

all the great Super-Heroes," turned out to be a short-lived affair and closed shop soon after Christmas. Just another greedy attempt to cash in on the pre-Christmas shopping hysteria is all it was, we're afraid. Oh well, it was probably nice while it lasted. TMT wishes to thank Robert Bryan of Cresskill, New Jersey for bringing this ad to our attention.



AUTOS RESCUED BY ROBOT

TMT reader Greg Nicoll of Mariner, Georgia sent us this ad for Ken Gardens Ford in Augusta, Georgia. This curiously rendered comic strip follows the adventures of Hentt, the Money-Saving Computer Robot, a Ford-peddling automaton who caters various disoriented consumers with allegedly economical car offers. Seems to us like a logical enough extension of your traditional car salesman, as anyone who's ever suffered through a Ralph Williams pitch will doubtless agree.



SUPER SNAKE

According to an item appearing in the "Screen" column of the January 20th edition of **THE VILLAGE VOICE**, there's a new American monster on the scene to provide the much-misunderstood **Bigfoot** with some media competition. The creature in question goes by the name of the Broad Top cryptid and reports of the 40 foot serpent have been circulating around its Broad Top, Pennsylvania since its initial sighting back in 1919. Rumors have it that the alleged snake escaped from a circus train wreck in 1919 and was last sighted in 1971. According to John Baughman, editor of **THE BROAD TOP BULLETIN**, "People think if [the snake] spends the winters in the coal shafts, which stay about 55 degrees all year round. Farmers report missing chickens and piglets and seeing long tracks through the forest. Now a local affiliate of NBC-TV has done some interviews, so I imagine it will be on the network pretty soon." While a good many prescient scholars are dubious of the snake's existence, locals continue to claim they've seen the thing with their very own eyes. If anyone reading this knows of Supersnake's whereabouts we'd appreciate your contacting TMT. We wanna be the first to sign him up!



PLANET OF THE APES GOES BANANAS!!!



EAT AN APE! Do let us see your favorite ape, with most "Planet of the Apes" language. Each part with chocolate flavored candy... (text continues)



COLLECTORS SPECIAL!

PLANET OF THE APES STUDENT COMMENTARY! This practical guide to the Planet of the Apes which examines the full impact of the film includes many photos of the film's cast & crew. A general collector's item for any fan who has a grade. \$6.95. Supply limited. Only \$5.95 plus 25c.



TO ORDER ANY OF THESE ITEMS PLEASE SEE PAGE 10 OF THIS ISSUE FOR CONVENIENT RUSH ORDER FORM

Ever since filmmakers first began adapting FRANKENSTEIN to the screen, they've been claiming that their version is the "true" one, the one most faithful to Mary Shelley's classic tale of terror. Of the six film Frankensteins (not counting sequels and spinoffs) to appear so far, none have stuck strictly to Ms. Shelley's book, although some have come far closer than others. To clear up the creature confusion surrounding the six celluloid Franksteins, scare scholar Jason Thomas takes this eerie opportunity to discuss each of the films in relation to the original novel. And let this mark an end to it, do you hear us, an end to it!

After seeing the fine TV film, FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY, I planned to do an article comparing and contrasting Mary Shelley's classic and both television versions. However, I soon decided that something else would be better. What I did was to briefly discuss the six major cinema versions of the Monster's origin, giving a synopsis of each. I closed the piece with a greatly condensed version of the book, which, hopefully, will help everyone decide for themselves which film is best, and which is most faithful to the original tale. I have seen all but the silent version, and my choices for the best are FRANKENSTEIN and THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (since the second movie is actually a necessary continuation of the first, I regard them as being one complete 2 1/2-hour film). As you will see in the following, the version that is most faithful to the novel is the one that was aired on ABC-TV. Read on, Frankenstein fanatics, and decide for yourselves!

VERY FIRST FRANKENSTEIN

The very first version of FRANKENSTEIN (Edison) was made in 1910. The Monster was hunchbacked, with great mats of hair all over his body and claws on his hands. Young Frankenstein, wanting to create a perfect being, formed this super-powerful Monster in a vat of bubbling chemicals. He was, of course, horrified by the creature's frightening appearance. He fainted, and the thing humbered off. Later, under the care of his fiancée and his father, he regained his strength. It is indicated that he had been temporarily deranged when he began his experiments, but he was now back to normal. Days later, at the wedding day drew near, the Monster tracked down his creator. The jealous thing remained with Frankenstein for a while, then left. On the scientist's wedding night, however, the thing came back and frightened the young bride. Afterward, as it peered at its reflection in a full-sized mirror, it faded away—but its image remained. Moments later, as



THE SIX VERSIONS OF FRANKENSTEIN

Frankenstein watched, the reflection of a creation also disappeared, thus owing that the scientist's mind was now sane and strong again (owing to the love he had received). The premise was that a Monster could not exist under such conditions—it was a physical manifestation of the evil side of Frankenstein's

nature. Virtue had triumphed. There were—purposely (and tragically)—no real shock elements in this film, but the versions that followed were quite different.

In 1915, LIFE WITHOUT SOUL was made. The "Brute Man" in this flick was externally normal, and the actor wore no make-up. This version included the scenes that the Edison film had deliberately ignored. The Monster killed three people before Frankenstein shot it to death; then the scientist also died. However, the story turned out to be imaginary—at the end, one of the characters was shown reading a book (Shelley's novel, no doubt). Within the movie, none of the action had actually taken place.

The Boris Karloff rendition of FRANKENSTEIN (Universal) came along in 1931. This creature was a pathetic thing, created from dead bodies (as it was in the novel) and all films that succeeded this "talkie" classic and activated by lightning bolts. Dr. Henry Frankenstein and his hunchbacked assistant created the Monster in a secluded mountain laboratory, but it was given an abnormal criminal brain. Tormented by the assistant, the once-dead thing(s) soon become a murderer. Henry had a mental breakdown from overwork, and another doctor made preparations to dismantle the Monster.

The thing didn't like this idea, so it killed the man and escaped. On Henry's wedding day, the Monster confronted Elizabeth, the bride-to-be, and almost murdered her. Henry and all of the male villagers tracked the Monster to an abandoned mill, which was quickly burned, and the Monster appeared to die in the flames as the movie ended. This screenplay was actually a combination of the 1910 adaptation and the novel. However, in both movies Shelley's idea of a mate for the Monster was dispensed with. But then, in 1935, Universal released THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, which I consider to be the finest of all the saga's films.

In this sequel, we learned that the Monster survived the fire. He continued killing people until he was frightened by a kindly old hermit. The blind man taught the Monster many things, including how to say a few words, but two frightened villagers brought this beautiful relationship to an abrupt end. Soon afterward, the Monster teamed up with the evil Dr. Pretorius, who had succeeded in creating perfect miniature humans. The villain had the Monster kidnap Elizabeth Frankenstein so that Henry would help him make a female companion for the creature. Unfortunately, the "bride" was repulsed by the "groom," who ended it all by blowing up

Dr. Frankenstein (Colin Clive) and his sometimes able assistant (Dwight Frye) prepare the newly assembled Monster for his "lab" scene from James Whale's atmospheric FRANKENSTEIN (1931), a film that combined elements of Edison's 1910 version and Mary Shelley's novel to its original and frightening effect.



the castle. This movie was thrilling, frightening and very looting. For the first time, people cried for the Monster; there were even scenes wherein the Monster cried. Together, these two Universal motion pictures are unbeatible! This series continued through five more productions, concluding with the sacreligious **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**.

In 1956, Hammer Films completed work on **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. This introductory film (which starred Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing) launched an entire series, not about the Monster, but rather Dr. Frankenstein and his various unholy undertakings. The sequels are still going strong, with **FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL** the latest entry. **CURSE**

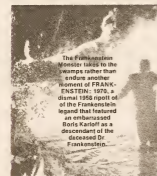
toe-in-cheek Hammer remake of **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Es-titled **THE HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN**, this mizze spoof followed its predecessor quite closely, except that it was lustier and had more gory killings. In this, also, the Monster got an acid bath at the conclusion.

FAITHFUL FRANKENSTEIN

In early 1973, the first television version of **FRANKENSTEIN** was released. This 3-hour (with commercials) cheapie was filmed in five days, but, despite its roughness, it is worthy in that it duplicated the novel more than any other movie. In this entry, Dr. Frankenstein and two assistants created a gigantic, ugly being. When one of the men died,



Dr. Frankenstein (Colin Clive) presents the monster with a less than happy bride (Elsa Lanchester) in **WHITE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1935), a film our author views as an extension of, rather than a sequel to, the earlier **FRANKENSTEIN**.



The Frankenstein Monster lugs to the worms rather than endure another moment of **FRANKENSTEIN, 1978**, a dismal 1956 ripoff of the Frankenstein legend that featured an embarrassed Boris Karloff as a descendant of the deceased Dr. Frankenstein.

began with a very young Victor Frankenstein inheriting the estate of his parents. Years later, the brilliant scientist and his assistant, Paul Krempe, attempted to reanimate the dead. After succeeding with a dog, they sewed together a large, ugly being from several cadavers. Frankenstein then killed a brilliant man so that he could transplant the fellow's brain into the monstrosity. The brain was accidentally damaged before the operation took place, and, when the Monster was brought to life by strong electric currents, it turned out to be a moron. The thing escaped, and Krempe shot it to death after it killed a blind man. Victor restored it to life and lost no time in locking it in the laboratory annex. Soon afterward, he arranged for it to murder the family servant. Elizabeth, Frankenstein's fiancée, found the creature, which promptly broke loose and chased her. After rapidly dousing the Monster with kerosene, Frankenstein set it ablaze. Falling into a tub of acid, the thing was com-

pletely dissolved by the time the authorities arrived. Since Krempe refused to corroborate Frankenstein's incredible story, the evil scientist was being led to the guillotine as the film ended. It escaped in the sequel, **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

Fourteen years later, there was a

ling in the adjoining woodshed, the Monster learned how to speak English. One day the creature, confident that he could make friends with the family, approached the blind girl. The others, mistaking his intentions, attacked him and drove him away. Frankenstein, learning that his creation was still alive, began hunting for him. The Monster was shot, and soon afterward he came upon his creator's little brother. When the boy screamed, the bewigged giant inadvertently killed him. Frightened, the Monster began to cry because of what he had done. Frankenstein found him hiding in a cave and treated the wound in the creature's neck. When the Monster agreed to leave if a mate was created for him, the man

agreed. Halfway through the operation, however, the scientist realized the horror of what he was doing and destroyed the body. In revenge, the angry giant killed Frankenstein's closest friend, along with a woman who was in the house. Frankenstein fled with Elizabeth, his fiancée. At an inn, they were married, but the Monster arrived and strangled the new bride. Armed with a pistol, the man went after his creation. An accident mortally wounded Frankenstein, and the Monster tried to help him. Blaming himself for everything that had happened, the man died. The mourning giant regretted all that he had done and, when policemen arrived, he let them shoot him. With his creator cradled in his arms, the dying Monster's last words were, "Forgive me." This tragic tale, although a bit overdone, was quite good. Wouldn't only that it had been done on a larger scale!

FRADULENT FRANKENSTEIN

Toward the end of 1973, **FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY** was shown on NBC-TV. This expensive 4-hour (with



I would gladly give my right arm to have actually seen the monster.

Artist Kerry Garmell contributed this disarming moment of monstrous levity to our otherwise serious Frankenstein study. For those not up on their Frankenstein films, the above scene is taken from Universal's **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1939), with Basil Rathbone as Dr. Wolfgang and Lenore Aubell as the one-armed Ingeborg.



Peter Cushing played the good doctor Frankenstein in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Hammer's 1957 version of the Shelley classic. Like Universal before it, Hammer has hauled out the venerable Monster for several sequels of varying quality.

commercial) production was very impressive, but it deviated from the novel more than any other version had. The title is fraudulent, but the movie is well worth seeing, in some instances, it even surpasses Karloff's version(s). As usual, Victor Frankenstein was shown leaving the university to conduct his own experiments into the secrets of life and death. In London, he teamed up with Dr. Clerval, who was experimenting with solar



The Monster learns that his love for his intended mate still goes lower unrequited in a genuinely poignant scene from BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Ernest Thesiger, as the flamboyantly perverse Dr. Pretorius, looks on.

energy. As their work progressed, they succeeded in reviving a dead beetle and animating a severed hand. When their "perfect man" was nearly ready for the ultimate experiment, Clerval discovered that the crawling hand had begun to deteriorate. Before he could inform Victor, he died, and his brain was transplanted into the composite body. During the crucial experiment, the build-up of solar energy passed the safety level, and a fire started. Nonetheless, the incredibly handsome Monster was brought to life. Victor taught him how to speak and act, and everything was fine for a while—until the scientist noticed that the process was reversing itself. He locked his creation in a mirrorless room, but one day the Monster saw his rapidly deteriorating face. The Monster stabbed himself in the heart, but failed to die. He threw himself off a towering cliff, but survived the fall. He was immortal.

Shortly afterward, the Monster met a blind man, but the fellow's family attacked



Robert Foxworth took the Dr. Frankenstein role in ABC's FRANKENSTEIN, the most faithful adaptation of M. Shelley's terror tale to appear on TV. For some strange reason, Hollywood is a little more occupied by Frankenstein bimbos.

the gruesome-looking thing. The Monster killed a young man, and inadvertently caused the man's lover to be run over by a speeding coach. The Monster was then found by Dr. Polidori, who (like Pretorius) blackmailed Frankenstein into helping him build a female creature. Using a different process, "Prima" was created. When Victor and his wife, Elizabeth, returned from their delayed honeymoon, they found that Prima had been taken by Elizabeth's parents. Soon afterward, Polidori tried to destroy the Monster with acid, but Victor intervened. The coach was then set on fire, and the thing seemed to die in the ensuing explosion. One evening, at a grand ball that was given by Frankenstein's family, the Monster fought his way into the huge room and ripped Prima's head off. Before leaving, he killed two others and injured ten more. Victor and Elizabeth boarded a ship to America,

but Polidori showed up as a fellow passenger. The Monster, apparently mad, was also present. He hoisted Polidori up to the mast, where the evil man was struck by lightning. After Victor was severely hurt, the Monster took over the ship and headed it due north. The crew escaped in lifeboats, but Elizabeth remained behind and was strangled by the Monster. Frankenstein regained consciousness after the ship had run aground in the Antarctic ice, and he followed his creation through the frozen wasteland. "Father" and "son" forgave each other, and then an avalanche buried them forever (!). The complete script (without photos) is available in paperback from Avon Books for \$1.95 and is well worth the price.

MARY SHELLEY'S MONSTER

Now that we've covered the film versions, let's take a brief look at the novel (finally), which was first published in 1817. The tale began during the 18th century, in the frozen North, where Victor Frankenstein was found by English explorer Robert Walton. The dying scientist told his tragic story to Walton, who apparently related it to Mary Shelley.

Years earlier, Frankenstein had left the university at Ingolstadt to study Nature's mysteries on his own. Upon discovering the secret of life, he gathered parts of bodies from butcher shops and dissecting rooms and built an eight-foot-tall Monster. After bringing it to life, he soon regretted his deed. The Monster fled, and Victor fell ill. While he was being cared for by his closest friend, Henry Clerval, word reached Frankenstein that his little brother, William, had been strangled. A family servant named Justine was tried for the crime and executed. Not long afterward, the Monster approached his creator and told him that he had learned how to speak and set from a family in the woods. In return for chores that he had performed for them at night, they had left books outside their cottage for their unknown benefactor to read. When he finally revealed himself to them, they attacked him because of his frightening visage. Later on, he happened upon William, accidentally killed him and then framed Justine for the crime. From Victor, the Monster now demanded that he create a mate for him. Wanting to avoid further murders, Frankenstein agreed. Before completing the task, though, the scientist destroyed the female body because he did not want a race of such creatures to be spawned. The Monster killed Clerval and, on Victor's wedding night, the fiend slew Elizabeth as well. Frankenstein then chased the thing to the frozen North. Upon ending his story, Victor died. The Monster soon arrived, and he was sorry for all that had taken place. He left, determined to remain in the frozen wasteland forever.

There you have it—the whole story. In the event that you desire more information, check out TMT #21 and Don Glau's incredible hardcover book, THE FRANKENSTEIN LEGEND. In addition, if you're interested in close graphic adaptations of Shelley's novel, check out the appropriate edition of "Classics Illustrated" and the first 3 issues of Marvel Comics' fine Monster of Frankenstein. These should be enough to satisfy even the most rabid of Frankenstein fiends.

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Now that we've demonstrated which eerie authors have been faithful to Ms. Shelly and her ever-popular Monster, we deem it meet and just to take a look at the latest and least serious of the film industry's Frankenstein adaptations. While Mel Brooks' **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** makes no attempt to be a faithful reworking of the Shelley classic, creature critic Mark Jacobson maintains that Mel and his film still have a lot to answer for, as you'll see herewith...

If I liked war movies, I'd be worried. Sooner or later Mel Brooks is going to get Sgt. Rock and the whole Easy Company up and doing the old soft shoe. When Madeline Kahn, dressed as a Christopher Street Statue of Liberty, pumps her red, white, blue tushy in time to "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again," that'll be it. The 2000-Year-Old Man mangled The Godfather at the OK Corral in his edacious **BLAZING SADDLES**, but that was all right; the Cisco Kid was no friend of mine. But why did Brooks have to throw the schtick at Frank?

INITIAL EXCITEMENT

The first few minutes of **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** were exciting. Brooks decided to make the film in black and white. That showed commitment. The music wasn't too campy. The coffin that opened with no warning to reveal a partially decomposed body was scary. The first sequence with Gene Wilder, as the grandson of Baron Von Frankenstein, trying to live down his heritage by teaching brain surgery, was grimly funny. The neurologist as the modern-day Franken-

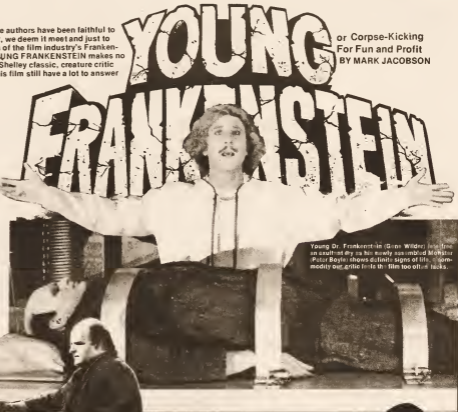


The Monster takes his first outland steps in an early scene from **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. Mel Brooks' parody of the Universal originals. While individual scenes and sketches provoke much monstrous mirth, the film still suffers from its creator's lack of cinematic self-control.

stein, good observation. Brooks even shot the scene in which Wilder demonstrates medical procedures for the class by humiliating and torturing an elderly patient in a clinical and detached style. It looked almost like a Fredrick Wiseman movie: black and intelligent humor, yet still creepy. It was all very promising. A real hope was raised that Brooks would be able to control the flood of banalities that drowned **BLAZING SADDLES** in a sea of ha ha. It seemed as though he was really making a funny Frankenstein movie, instead of a movie making fun of Frankenstein.

TOUGH TASK

I guess it's a tough assignment, making a funny monster film without latching onto the conventions of the genre for some easy laughs. Polanski, in his **FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS** (which is very close in outward posture to **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**), almost did it. But even he fell back on teeth and bat jokes when his inspirations, like the grotesquely hilarious dances of the vampires, grew thin. Brooks does have his glorious moments. His monster, played with sympathy and random lunacy by Peter Boyle, is fabulous. With all the chic costume designing in the film, Boyle looks like the Hulk wandering around Bloomingdale's. The parody of the blindman scene from **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, in which a blind Gene Hackman sets Boyle's finger on fire while trying to offer him a friendly cigar, is out of sight. Marty Feldman's (as Igor) overstuffed eyeballs stand out. They got Elsa Lanchester's hair right. Boyle has a zipper in his neck. But almost all the funny moments of **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** occur while Brooks is simply putting a



Young Dr. Frankenstein-in Gene Wilder-learns a small-study on his newly-submerged Monster. Peter Boyle shows little signs of life, a comedy-out-critic in his film too often lacks.



Madeline Kahn, as Dr. Frankenstein's fiancée, gets carried away by an unusually well-timed Frankenstein Monster in **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. With Andy Warhol and Brooks laying hands on Mary Shelley's Monster within a scant few months of each other, it's enough to make one wonder if NOTHING'S sacred anymore.



BLAZING SADDLES all over again.

All the out-of-context one-liners and binges of vaudeville mugging tend to make things very silly. So silly that Brooks loses his ability to throw any kind of scare into us. That's too bad, because if he would have retained the feeling of the opening minutes he would have had a much more versatile film. What we wind up watching is just another bit of schtick, this time with a monster theme.

NO LAUGHING MATTER

This is unfortunate because Mel Brooks is one of the few people currently making humor movies in America. Brooks seems content to parody old movies which had come to parody themselves long before he got around to it. Why doesn't he do something more difficult? It's also unfortunate, because if Brooks had utilized some of the horror elements at his command by taking the monster a little more seriously, he could have produced a wave of interest in odd-style monster films that could have led to a few more of them being made. As it is, he just kicked the corpse.



British comic Marty Feldman plays the good doctor's pop-eyed assistant, Igor, a role originally portrayed by Dwight Frye. Contrary to popular belief, the Igor character is not without his fair share of brains, only they're usually hung under his arm.

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974) 20th Century Fox. Directed by Mel Brooks. Screenplay by Gene Wilder and Mel Brooks. Based on the character in **Frankenstein**, by Mary Shelley. Makeup by William Tuttle. Music by John Morris. Starring Gene Wilder (Dr. Frankenstein), Peter Boyle (the Monster), Marty Feldman (Igor), Madeline Kahn (Elizabeth), Celia Leachman (Frau Blücher), Tex Clark (Ingrat), Kenneth Mars (Inspector Kohn), Richard Hayler, Liam Dunn, Danny Goldman, Leon Askin, Oscar Beregs, Lou Costello.

P.R.—a copy of the **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** paperback PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED—can be had simply by sending just \$1.50 (plus 25¢ postage & handling) to **THE MONSTER TIMES**, P.O. Box 995, Old Chatham Station, New York.

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THE TMT BELIEVE IT OR DIE DEPT. PRESENTS

HOW TO MAKE A MUMMY FOR FUN AND PROFIT

BEING AN INTERESTING, NO-NONSENSE, TRUE-LIFE ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHLY INTRICATE AND SOMEWHAT GRISLY ART OF ANCIENT MUMMY-MAKING

While they're certainly the best-known practitioners of the ancient art of mummy-making, the Egyptians did not necessarily come from the mummy-making lands of South America who also well-versed in this age-old Egyptian mummy-making from Cairo, Peru.

BY RON HAYDOCK

When the Egyptian mummy-makers in horror films turned Boris Karloff, Tom Tyler and Christopher Lee into famous mummies of the movies, they simply cut out their tongues, wrapped them in bandages, and then cursing them with eternal life, buried them in tombs which they were supposed to forever keep safe from deserters, looters and other assorted scoundrels.

Ancient Egypt's real mummy-makers, however, spent considerable time making their mummies and, for one thing, they never buried a man or woman while they were still alive. Their reasons for making mummies were also vastly different from those usually given in horror films.



This well-preserved, 19th-century lady is Queen Neferiti from the 31st Dynasty of Egypt about 1650 B.C., a vestige of Egypt for mummies.

The Egyptians believed, as many people still do, that a person's soul lived on in another world after mortal death here on Earth and, with this belief in mind, they carefully attempted to preserve lifeless flesh and bone for all eternity. They didn't want a corpse to ever decay, because in the other life the soul would need the body in as good a condition as possible. The exact amount of time and effort Egypt's mummy-makers put into mummifying a corpse, however, actually depended on how wealthy or important a person

in the great TMT tradition of presenting invaluable "how-to" pieces for the practical education of MONSTER TIMES' readers, we're happy to run the following informative piece on mummy-making. A must for would-be mummy-makers and collectors alike, Ron Haydock's incredible-but-true-type treatise on this

time-honored art of Egyptian mummy-making couldn't happen along at a more opportune time, what with so many recently unemployed people looking for modest enterprises with which to supplement their unemployment benefits. Before taking advantage of this unique career opportunity, however, you should keep in

mind that modern-day mummy-making is not only illegal but would necessitate your moving to Egypt as well. But even if you're not thinking of entering the mummy-making profession yourself, Mr. Haydock's assiduously researched piece should be of more than passing interest.

case each finger and toe of the corpse in separate sheets of gold. Some mummies were even buried with golden sandals and crowns.

Besides burying the mummy in the tomb, the Ancient Egyptians also interred many personal effects of the dead individual. Down through the years, archaeologists, opening long-lost or carefully concealed tombs, have unearthed everything from coins to musical instruments, and even chariots. As well as requiring a well-preserved body in the next life, the Egyptians believed the soul would also need his former earthly comforts too, and servants and hand-maidens of dead Egyptians were often buried right along with their master or mistress in the tomb. The servants were either put to

EGYPTIAN BRAIN DRAIN

Using an iron hook, the mummy-makers of Ancient Egypt began their skilled mummification process by first thrusting the hook up into the dead man's nose and pulling out his brains through his nostrils. When they were finished, they put the brain in a jar containing a preserving fluid. They then flushed out the cavity to the skull with wine, alcohol or spiritous fluid.

Next, they slit the corpse up its side with a long, sharp knife and began removing the intestines and all other internal organs, except the heart and kidneys. Like the brains, they also placed the inner organs in jars of preserving fluid. Later, they buried these jars in the tomb right along with the finished mummy.

After removing the inner organs, the mummy-makers filled the corpse's empty trunk with myrrh and other perfumes, and then soaked the body for exactly seventy days in a vat of natron, which is a salt that dehydrates body tissue. When they removed the corpse from the vat after the specified time period, they carefully washed it and perfumed it again, using oils, bituminous gums and aromatic spices. The oils and gums, particularly the gums, were used like a sealing wax over the flesh. Then they wrapped the now-mummified corpse in lengths of linen bandages and buried it in either a stone or wood sarcophagus that generally was shaped and modeled to represent the person.

According to Andrew Law, one of the world's foremost Egyptologists, when the mummy-makers wrapped the corpse in bandages, they also placed magic amulets on various parts of the dead person. If the man or woman in question was particularly wealthy, they would also adorn the mummy with personal jewelry. In the case of really important Egyptians, the mummy-makers might also en-



A frontal of the Pharaoh as an Old Mummy. Thousands of the XVII Dynasty. While the mummy-making process may seem simple now, it took the Egyptians 150 years to perfect it.

death or toxic poison, so that they could continue serving their rulers in the next life.

BLACK MARKET MUMMIES

Mummy-making dates back as far as 4500 BC, but even though the Egyptian government has a law against mummification of the dead today, there are still certain unscrupulous men engaged in the illegal business of making mummies. And they are still using the original mummification process, handed down to them through the centuries. Their motives for



Jeremy Bentham, the 18th century British philosopher and founder of utilitarianism, would in his will that he should be buried mummified and equipped with glass eyes, as illustrated in his sketch, dressed in his own clothes and brought out to attend each meeting of the Utilitarian Society. As this photo suggests, his will was done.

making mummies nowadays, however, are far from religious. In fact, they're downright necessary.

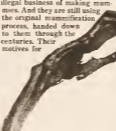
Working in secret, behind locked doors, the modern mummy-makers are actually exporting their mummies out of Egypt and selling them as the real thing—as ancient mummies from Ancient Egypt. They are involved in a black market mummy trade and often will make quite a bit of money from their mummies because mummies are always in demand, and there are not enough real mummies around for such men to sell. Most tombs have already been discovered, and so there is more demand than supply.

Although today's mummy-makers are following the authentic process for mummifying dead bodies, which they get from graveyards, hospitals and jails, in their haste to get more money ancient mummies out on the market, they have cut many steps and generally use cheap embalming fluids. To give their mummies a look of antiquity, they take the corpses out into the desert, where mummies won't be found, and let the broiling

sun beat down and bake the corpse's flesh until it's brown and withered-looking, just like the real mummies of ancient times which archaeologists are found buried in tombs.

IN MYSTERIES OF THE ORIENT, John Keel, the international adventurer, reported that he had actually met a modern mummy-maker and had even been to the man's charnel house workshop. Gaining entrance forcibly, as it were, Keel saw the vat where the mummy-maker soaked his corpses and witnessed all around him rotting dead bodies awaiting their fates at mummification, and then export. Corpses that were too badly damaged, though, the mummy-maker discarded.

Smuggled out of Egypt as the real thing, fake mummies are sold not only to museums but also to private collectors of oddities. I'm not such a collector myself, but if you are, and somebody comes by one day offering you the chance to buy a mummy freshly smuggled out of Egypt, you'd do well to choose the merchandise with an expert before laying your cash on the line. The mummy dealer just might be trying to sell you a ringer. You can never be too sure about mummy dealers—or their mummies.



The splendid digit of a 17th Dynasty mummy found for out-crediting a copy. Georges McHargue's excellent MUMMIES, from whence come all these wonderful facts, meet about the incredible art of mummy-making can order they can be ordered from the TMT Bookstore.

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BEST OF THE MONSTER TIMES
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Back in the bad old days of the late '50s and early '60s, Fun City light addicts would rarely fail to tune in to watch vintage horror films on WOR-TV's SHOCK THEATER, which had recently purchased a package of Universal's great and not-so-great horror films from the '30s and '40s. But it was SHOCK THEATER's host, a gleeful ghoul named Zachery, and his spirited black comic antics that made the show more than merely enjoyable. Taking an irreverent approach to the genre, Zach was fond of mocking bright films that deserved no better treatment and once even went so far as to employ his trusty scissors, to dev'lopy, on camera, a punt of a ghastly film called WHITE PONGO to prevent its ever being shown on his show again. Though John Zachery's horror host days are far behind him (he currently spends his nights working as a disc jockey for rock station WPLG-FM), he's not adverse to looking back in fondness at his SHOCK THEATER interludes, as the following interview demonstrates.

TMT: What do you think about today's horror films?

ZACH: Have you seen any good horror movies lately?

TMT: How about THE EXORCIST? Have you seen that?

ZACH: Yeah, I caught that. I thought it was a pretty good horror movie. I'm a little amazed they tried to put so much religious significance into it. Once the kid's head turned around, I thought, "There goes the religion." And the beds bouncing four or five feet off the ground, I thought, "Who are they trying to kid with this religious stuff?" But it was really a fine horror movie.

TMT: Did you think the dialogue was too hard?



Zachery exhibits ghastly gits in a shot from ZACHERY FOR PRESIDENT, a mock campaign guide published by Shock Theater's horror-loving host of WOR-TV's SCK THEATER.

ZACH: We're just not used to it. It's all Everly checks that kind, that, even the president. [Ex-President Richard M. Nixon—Ed.] HA! HA! HA!

TMT: What did you think about the movie in general?

ZACH: THE EXORCIST is really a super horror film, people are really scared. I liked the acting—the people were good actors. Ellen Burstyn [Chris MacNeil], an accomplished actress, was great, although I've never seen her before.

TMT: Have you met any other horror celebrities?

ZACH: I've met Jonathan Frid for a brief moment at the DARK SHADOWS studio, a hello-goodbye type of thing. An associate of mine met Boris Karloff and asked if he disliked what was in his film. He said, "Not at all, my dear, you brought

Zachery, Once and Future King of the TV Horror Hosts, demonstrates how he got a head in the cut-throat world of television. Today the "cool ghoul" spends his working hours as a disc jockey for WPLG-FM, a progressive rock station of considerable renown.

me back to life." HA! HA! HA!

TMT: [We showed Zach an old photo from his television past.] Do you remember this picture?

ZACH: That's really weird. Do you know what that is? My god, this is a real house. Me and Richard Thomas of the Waltons—at the time Richard Thomas was a small boy acting in New York—were out in Long Island doing a kid show about ghosts and things, and Jack Lesauvle was the narrator. I have some really weird pictures of me and Richard Thomas standing in front of this amazing old house with these rotting old curtains fluttering. The house never had been painted in years and years and was loaded with dog food and garbage all over the place. I can't remember all the stories about it. Just an incredible old house.



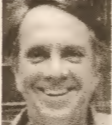
Zach's pioneer portrayal of a demoted horror host inspired a spate of imitators who borrowed both his makeup and style. The original, however, is still the greatest.

NEFARIOUS NOSTALGIA
TMT: Did you do your own makeup for your appearances on Shock Theater?

ZACH: Oh yeah, it takes only about two minutes to do. In television we never pretended that we were sudden checks or anything like that—it was just short of being a clown's makeup.

TMT: Exactly what type of character were you portraying?

ZACH: Just a crazy character. I never really knew.



Zach, as he appears today, photographed outside his home in New York's Upper West Side.

TMT: Was it intended that you portray a comical horror host?

ZACH: It started in Philadelphia when horror movies were first being released for TV. Occasionally I got dressed up and about two years ago I did a little number with the Grateful Dead. I rode up and down Elth Avenue in a stagecoach, and everyone was shouting, "Hey, Zach, how's your old lady?" I was really amazed.

TMT: Whatever happened to your old lady?

ZACH: Well, all those things were characters created because they couldn't afford actual people.

TMT: How did you get interested in horror films?

ZACH: When those things were released for television, I had never seen any horror movies. I wasn't allowed to as a kid. I used

LOOKING BACK WITH

ZACH

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN ZACHERY FIRST AND FOREMOST HORROR HOST

BY PAUL RUSSAK and MICHAEL LIPOWSKI

Then we would go off on some tangent with the kind of operation he was doing, using cabbages, liver, jello, and all other weird stuff.

TMT: Did you watch the soap opera DARK SHADOWS?

ZACH: Yeah—I used to laugh because they kept doing that time trip on that show. They seemed to run out of ideas, then everyone would be transported to another time with other clothes and maybe a different part of the family. They began to stretch the plot a little bit, you know. What was the name of the house? Collinwood, Oh yeah. HA! HA! HA! The lightning was great; they also had a family tomb. I feel so sure like that could possibly run again. It's a timeless type of horror show.

to stay home on Saturday afternoons when everyone else went to the movies. But finally I did a cowboy show in Philadelphia for television and took many different parts. I remember wearing the black suit you have in those pictures. I may have slicked my hair. I don't remember. But they called me and said, "Hey, do you want to host a horror movie?" I didn't know what a horror movie was. I really had never seen one. Apparently a lot of people around the country took the same approach. The films that were released consisted of some good ones: DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN, THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE MUMMY, etc. They start to get watered down after that with a lot of bad acting. So they were faced with buying 50 shows. 40 of which were really bad. So we lessened them up a bit by having some comedy going on during the film.

TMT: Was it intended that you cut into the pictures?

ZACH: We took the approach of making believe the doctor or the mad scientist didn't know what they were doing but we did.

A maniac of many moods, Zachery has been known to strike sinister, as well as comic, poses.



Zach indicates how much he enjoyed talking with TMT reporters Russak and Lipowski.

TMT: What was your favorite horror movie?

ZACH: Well, I always liked the SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. It seemed to me that they expanded on the sets. The dining room scene was really freaky, with the huge fireplace and those big beams that came out from everywhere. And shadows all over the place and the storms. It was sort of a semi-modern impressionistic kind of thing. The laboratory was great too, with that crazy kind of pyramid shape—that was really weird. I also liked Bela Lugosi in that; I thought he was outstanding as the shepherd with the broken neck [Igor]. I didn't know who he was at first.

ZACHERLY TODAY—WPLJ
TMT: Are you nervous before you go on the radio for WPLJ?

ZACH: Not really. I never bother to say too much on the radio, I just like to work the music market. I know what music I have to choose from and must make it.

TMT: Do you ever have trouble making a show roll?

ZACH: Not really. I made a mistake in my life—I should have learned how to be a stand-up guy who could remember jokes. I really can't remember jokes and when I have to introduce a group or whatever I try to think of something to say that'll get people in a good mood. I'm really very bad at remembering things. It's a terrible thing. I should learn how to do that by now—I say something funny, crazy, or

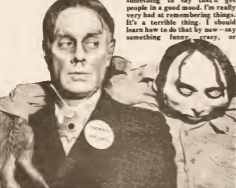
The Times Teletype

In our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire news to you, serving up all the news of what's cooking in every medium, from the one to the half-baked to the well-done reviews, previews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, adult and fantasy happenings in films, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender eyes in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Fight Fore-casting chores is "Brazy Silf" Pater, who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins directly below.

Look into my crystal ball and I will show you the future. First one will show you the future, and then get another. This applies to the well-known futuristic sports item Space: 1999 is due on the TV tube this season, much making a name with regard to STAR TREK, and there is a lot of action on the cinema scene.

The new live-action-animation process called "Magix" (see TMT #25) will be featured in Tech-Jeff's forthcoming pitch comedy entitled DO ANDHROIDS CREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? Authored by Philip K. Dick, the film tells of bounty-hunting 21st Century detectives on the track of escaped Martian robots.

They're not too far off, are they?



Zachery crooks apprehensive eye at one of several creatures with whom he shared the show. Zach's SHOCK THEATER might have been short on budget but was always long on gritty fun.

sound as good as I can in combination. That's what the fun of it is, putting three songs together that kind of go together, instead of just sticking them in there because you have to play any three songs.

TMT: Do you enjoy today's rock music?

ZACH: Oh yeah, I love it. I like so many groups—one day to the next it will be Pink Floyd, which I sometimes think is probably the one I like most, or the Allman Brothers. I used to be very fond of the Dead but I haven't heard much of them lately.

horror crap. I should have a little routine—but I don't. HAI HAI HAI [Yawn] This job is funny. I should be wide awake now. Trouble is I don't get much sleep. Some people get the impression I'm crazy—when really I'm just sleepy or exhausted. Can you walk the streets a bit—I have to get a soda or something before I go on the air. La da dee dee...

Zachery can be heard on the radio every weekday from 10:00 P.M. to 2:00 P.M. on WPLJ, 96.5 Rock'n'Stereo. For more pictures and information on Zachery, visit his website at Zachery For President available through the Monster Times Bookshelf. □

Heaven help them when THE DEVIL'S RAIN!

Since I've mentioned *Baywatch*, do let me digress for a moment and direct other readers under their wraps, such as a vodoo opus entitled LORD SHANGO (airplay playing at some locations), THE HUMAN FACTOR, starring George Kennedy and now lensing in Rome, Naples, and Capri, and one I have

extremely high hopes for—THE DEVIL'S RAIN (previously reported as REIGN, "cassé please"). Now on location in Durango, Mexico, THE DEVIL'S BRAIN has an especially star-studded cast, consisting of Ernest Borgnine, Eddie Albert, Idia Lupino, Keesen Wyre and somebody called...uh...William Shatner

A film that lapsed up at the recent 16th London Film Festival was the intriguing THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE, starring Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Fröbe and Gerald Chaplin, Charles Oller acting as director.

Now for Tyburn Productions, who seem to be turning a lid to share the notoriety of the Hammer Horror. Lara Turner lives up to star of



PERSECUTION, LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF is ready with Peter Cushing, who directs and introduces David Rintoul as the werewolf. THE GOUL is set for release also starring Cushing, with Don Henderson as the title character (this one is set in the 1920s) and just announced for lensing at Pinewood, THE SATANIST Plus there's some talk of a TV series. Nice going.

Shakespearean actor Noel Williamson will record a 4-record album of J. R. Tolkien's THE HOBBIT for London Records, now with a flute, harp and hurdy-gurdy accompaniment.

If I had hopes for the new musical production of Homer's ODYSSEY, starring Peter Brynner, they have been dashed. Medicine everything, plus an irascible Cyclops, made this show one mad monstrous flop. 'Til next season, but his ship ought to sail into the sunset quickly.

If you've anxiously awaiting the forthcoming AP presentation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' THE LAGO THAT TIME FORGOT you'll be sorry to learn that Burroughs' book and comic sales were higher in 1974 than any year previous in its 51-year history. LAGO TIME FORGOT could create a boom nowhere unwanted if Tarzan may have just begun to sun!

Back to the future with Norman Jewison's production of ROLLERBALL, starring James Caan, John Houseman, and that selectable dim-wittedness of MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN, Maud Adams. This is the futuristic sport with the deadly rules.

Since so much publicity has been given the Devil of late, it's no wonder someone's granted equal time to angels, or not it would seem, though I'm surprised that it happens to be none other than Charles Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin has written and scored a new film entitled THE FREAK. The heroine of the tale is a South American girl with a pair of wings, and the ability to fly. Rather than have it strictly a fantasy, it seems that, as Mr. Chaplin's hands, it will be something of a morality play. Two of Mr. Chaplin's daughters will essay roles in the film.

Now for the "sharking" snuff. Those toothsome horrors will be around in Chaplin's 1980-to-be-released JAWS, which features several gruesome murders and a thrilling climax wherein the amphibious star attempts to eat a boat. Another film dealing with a pair of wings, and the ability to fly. Rather than have it strictly a fantasy, it seems that, as Mr. Chaplin's hands, it will be something of a morality play. Two of Mr. Chaplin's daughters will essay roles in the film.

Filmings in Yugoslavia and Austria has begun on a thriller entitled 5 AND 7 BACES II.



Margot Kidder, who just had lots of exposure, or over-exposure, if you will, in a recent PLAYBOY magazine, should be lining up on the screen soon in the REINCARNATION OF PETER FORD, opposite Michael Sarrazin. TV's recent "FRANKENSTEIN," Jennifer O'Neill and Cornell Sharpe

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CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic nuts, art fans, monster limbs and the like are gathering to bare all, trade, collect and listen to speeches. As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often

bonder on the issues, but the people are intensely and there's always a good time. We've got some new ones here and old ones. And they've great places to meet people—fun, intense and pleasurable. If you've never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. We'll give you the highlights, and quality of events, but they're all fun to attend. We at TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Sunday March 16th	ST PATRICK'S COM/CON Full Hitch 283 East 17th St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228	HOTEL McLELLAN 349 St. & Broadway New York City	75¢	The first 500 people get five comic books Door Prizes, Films
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass. 02154	Howard Johnson Moore Lodge	75¢	comic books, prizes, toys, raffles, auctions
Sunday June 22nd (every other month)	NYKTYFL COM/CONVENTION 10PM to 5PM	HOTEL McLELLAN 349 St. & Broadway New York City	\$1.00	Comics, collectibles, & even more comics!
August 20-25 Sept. 1st	NATIONAL G.I.A. "75" 2175 Olive Court Hastings, N.J. 07032	HOTEL COMMOORE New York City	\$4.50 in advance \$9.00 at the door	Dealer's room, auctions Guest of honor—Joe Pavullo
1st Sunday every month	HOLLYWOOD COM/CON COM 5511 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif. 90028	HOTEL McLELLAN WOLLYWOOD Hollywood, Calif.	\$1.00 \$6.00 under 12	Feature films, cartoons & lots of trappings and goodies

SF&F

SF&F is TMT's general, all-purpose, multiple science fiction column, bringing you a variety of reports from the world of sci-fi by a crack team of experts. Books, films, comics, magazines, television, radio and even real life will be amply covered by the likes of R. Allan Linder, ES Summer and a whole host of guest specialists whose sole aim is to bring you any other word to be got the latest sci-fi news to you.

MONKEY BUSINESS...

When CBS-TV announced that the popular PLANET OF THE APES film series was about to become a weekly prime-time TV show, that announcement was greeted with much fanfare in myriads of publications (including this one). A scant few months later, the same CBS execs announced the demise of that selfsame series. That and that announcement was met with a minimum of protest, primarily because most critics concurred that the series didn't live up to age fans' expectations. In this guest opinion piece, Mike Cole, Dan Fiero explains what he considers the reasons behind the failure of the PLANET OF THE APES.

ON THE FAILURE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

PLANET OF THE APES seems to be everywhere today: Toys, games, books, comics, movies, posters, you name it; the apes have entered just about every medium, and, probably, at that Every medium, that is, except television. When PLANET OF THE APES entered that, it died after less than half a season. The question is: Why? The answers are the basis of this article.

In the ape-watcher's humble opinion, there are three main reasons why the PLANET OF THE APES TV series failed. One, the apes were much too human. Two, the scripts were sub-par. Three, the series didn't make use of the "shock effects" of the PLANET OF THE APES films. Let's consider them in order.

In the majority of the APES movies, the apes were realistically loathsome. They were decidedly NOT human. Oh, they had a few emotions similar to humans, but, for the most part, they were foreign. Alien, if you will. They were basically cold, cunning, intelligent, and nonsympathetic towards humans, exhibiting very few emotions at all towards them, other than hate and scorn. They were not the equals of humans. The apes were, quite simply, the superior race.

On the TV show, this changed. Most of the apes became loathsome. They displayed jealousy and envy towards the humans and towards

argued with and bargained with humans, again something you rarely saw in the films. The whole ape series was based on the concept of Ape being superior to Man and this, I think, was the reason for its great popularity. On the TV show, the concept was destroyed.

Now, to the scripts. Almost from the very start they lacked the power, the speed, the wisdom so evident in the film series. You felt kind of lost with the TV show, not knowing why apes were the masters and humans the slaves. You didn't understand where this place, this planet, was. So many important points were either lost or overlooked in the TV scripts.

The dialogue was generally lousy, the plots usually poor, and the characters that the scripts featured were usually foolish and unrealistic.

Finally, and, I think, most important to the demise of the TV series, was the lack of use of what I call the "shock effects" of the PLANET OF THE APES concept. What do I mean by "shock effects"? Well, for example, the discovery of the Statue of Liberty on the final APES film. Or the discovery of what the apes consider an "evil" tunnel or mine shaft, but turns out to

The TMT A Star is from Dept. of Science, Inc. It is the only... do not of a brand-new honor... SHIRTS OF THE MUTILATED... the soon-to-be-released DEATH... In addition to being... another pretty face, Jennifer is a... a pretty selected across-ender and... a regular reader of THE MONSTER... TIMES. And what too? Did we... mention yet her name? Jennifer? We're not getting paid to say these... things, incidentally. It's just that... Ms. Shock is the first budding... screen actress since the TMT... had the opportunity to put 8th's... very personable, we might add, and... possesses such a pair of lungs... She can sustain them for as long... as she wants, and she can hold... them and moan, we like it, and... bigger and better parts.

be a major 20th century subway depot like Grand Central or Times Square Station on the second level. BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES? Or a full shot of the ruins of a once-great human metropolis like Manhattan nestled on the ape planet. These effects gave you something to identify with. They brought home, with great power, the feeling that something like this could happen in the future. That the evolutionary process sometimes could reverse and reversed. That there most definitely is a chance that we could build everything he has in some shape or way and that his future could be as close to other creatures as we are. These effects chilled you and stunned you. You left with a new feeling of what could happen, if we are not careful. To my knowledge, such shock effects were used only twice on the TV series (in episodes 8, 9, 10, 15), and their absence left you feeling that the show was pretty, contrived, and, to put it plainly, dumb.

Well, that's about it. The series failed because of poor scripts, human/ape and lack of shock effects. Maybe the producers aren't ready for the show, either, but I doubt it. The popularity of the phenomenon



Evangelized apes, argued at the cancellation of the PLANET OF THE APES... features, like their close to the streets of our nation's capital, but no amount of S&P or strong-arm tactics can compensate for the poor scripts and lack of collaboration that did the show in.

is too strong and too widespread. Perhaps that's it. Could it be that the APES' reign is coming to an end? — Dan Fiero

Fun City Star Trek fans should be pleased to the fact that now there's a late-night New York radio show devoted exclusively to Star Trek. The Trekky Show (according to host Jay, a "Treky") is a serious Star Trek enthusiast, while a "treky" is short for "trekknobber," a more frivolous sort of fan) can be heard every Wednesday night from 1:30 to 2 a.m. on WMB-FM. The show features (among other things) live and recorded guest special convention reports. Star Trek news and Star Trek music. Host Jay Gei has had an interview with Leonard Nimoy plus a group from S.T.A.R. on record shows, and it hopeful of having Trekles scribe David Gerrold on an upcoming show. If you're a true "Treky," we suggest you tune in to the Trekky Show. Sounds a local audience of some 2,000 fans and it might interest you to join them.

Star Trek fan Carl Jan of Canada sent us an article about Leonard

TREK TALK

Trek Talk will be a regular feature of the TMT fanpage page, bringing you the latest news from the world of STAR TREK and current events in the lives of the people who brought you that undying sci-fi series. Aiding and abetting us in this quest for encyclopaedic info will be (among others) Bjo Trimble and Margaret A. Basto, both of whom publish Star Trek newsletters for the education and edification of Trekkies 'round the globe.

For those who always wanted to command a starship—especially the Starship Enterprise—here's your chance. STAR TREK action figures of Kirk, Spock, McCoy and Scott, complete with authentic costumes, hand-painter gear and a set of the command bridge of the Enterprise will be on sale from May 15. They'll be in stores this spring and if they sell, there will be a second series with other ST characters including Uhura, Galt, Romanov, etc. They're said the same as the Apes and super-hero figures, with revised words and lines and re-readable arms and legs. If the plastic arms prove to wear or very rough handling, they can be re-attached with elastic thread from Woolworth's with a pair of tweezers.

Nimoy that appeared in a local Canadian paper in the piece. Leonard talks about how portraying Mr. Spock has affected his life. "I'm more

relational now than I was before playing that role." The popular actor allowed it to give me a broader concept of what earth is about—it's a planet rather than the final product of evolution. I have a new perspective on the idea that other beings may be looking at earth and wondering if life could exist here. "Is an interesting self-observation, Leonard also said that. "A year after the series began I had serious psychological problems caused by suppressing my emotions in the role. I began to suppress my feelings on-stage too."



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other apes, which was unthinkable in the films. The apes appeared whimsical, comical, and the humans on the TV show could mock them, insult them and otherwise make monkeys of them. Apes actually

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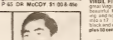
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ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA

When TMT Editor Joe Kane was dispatched, much against his will, to a midtown movie theater to see ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA, it was with great reluctance that he went. He had already suffered through Warhol's abysmal three-dimensional desecration of FRANKENSTEIN and figured he would only be in for more of the same. Not even promises of free popcorn (battered, mind you) would lift his falter spirits. Still, being a terror trouper from way back, go forth he did and, to his amazement and surprise, discovered that Andy's Gang hadn't done a half-bad job of it after all. In fact, he felt that ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA was so "on target" that we decided to run his quickly-scripted story of that very same fright film here.

The time is the 1920s, and Count Orsola (Udo Kier) has a problem. He feels so weak, woozy, drained and drained of energy that he doesn't even have the strength to turn over in his grave any more. Desperately in need of the blood of a woman (a commodity difficult to find in those decadent times), the Count finally, and with much reluctance, agrees to journey with his servant (Almo Jurgens) to neighboring Italy, a Catholic country where widows are said to proliferate.



1 Arriving at a small Italian town, the Count undergoes some withdrawal pains while awaiting his wigged fix. His assistant, however, manages to introduce him to an impoverished Italian nobleman (Vittorio Gassman) and his quartet of... helpfully... wrong daughters.



2 While his henchman's away, the Count makes a play for one of the nobleman's daughters.



3 The silly Count and his wondrously condition speak little sympathy in the heart of the hostile Marist gardener.



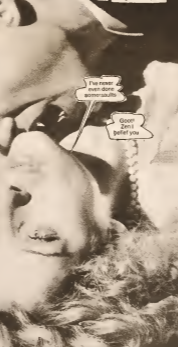
4 Time passes and the Count succeeds in carrying another daughter in an effort to slake his insatiable lust. Again he fails to find a woman who's up to snuff, so he pinches compacta into the family buffet.



5 The decadent family's Marist gardener (Joe O'Connell) has been alerted the faces of two of the daughters, Orestes Ozzini and Stefania Caristi, and offers them his thoughtful appraisal of the situation.



6 However busy to waste words, Orsola gets straight to the point.



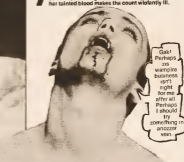
7 But, as the hostile Marist gardener could have told him, the daughter wasn't a witch at all, and her tainted blood makes the count's victory ill.



8 The Count's loyal, if annoyed, assistant journeys into town where he encounters much hostility in the person of a noble peasant (Horton Palanca) who gives him for credit sports. The assistant makes some insulting remarks but Palanca... nervous... since he's too short to want to stand up on camera. Considering how superior this film is to his own FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, it's a wonder he appeared... in at all.



9 But, as the hostile Marist gardener could have told him, the daughter wasn't a witch at all, and her tainted blood makes the count's victory ill.



10 But the Count's problems suddenly multiply when the nightmare that his gardener telling the family that Orsola is really a vampire.



11 His livelihood in jeopardy, the Count's assistant (an icon inspired by the disheveled daughters) unconsciously spied neither.



12 As for the Count, he is drained of his wondrously condition by the handy gardener, who subjects no love for bloodsucking vampires, especially "Cassius" bloodsucking vampire who is his country's nobles.

THE END! Und so anozzer vampira bites as dust and Andy Warhol makes anozzer million.

ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA (1978) Screenplay: 136 minutes. Directed and written by Paul Morahan. Special effects by Carlo Rambaldi. Starring Joe O'Connell (The Gardener), Udo Kier (Count Orsola), Vittorio Gassman (Nobleman), Stefania Caristi (Assassin), Almo Jurgens (Assistant), Horton Palanca (Peasant), and... (Daughters). Roman Polanski (Warhol).

BY PAUL MORISSEY

"You've seen the movie, now read the comic!" That suggestion has been made many times by many people. ...

My dear comers are everywhere today. They're from everywhere. ...

For the most part, though, most horror comers are not so much interested in the original film ...

HISTORY OF HORROR ...

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invertebrate terror tube-watcher Mark Carducci can recall only a very few really fine sci-fi teleseries, even when he stops to think about it. No wonder then that his heartfelt hopes were hoisted following the announcement that a high-budgeted British sci-fi series, **SPACE: 1999**, was due to hit American airwaves soon. Mark was fortunate enough to see a few segments from the show in advance of its release and reports on his findings here.

BY MARK CARDUCCI

The medium of television has given science-fiction fans precisely what they want: a new series in its short but prolific history. The fervent fan, hard-pressed to recall any really good shows, finds a very short but profitable. The losers come to mind more quickly, perhaps because there have been so many more of them. Remember **SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE**, produced by the dean of sci-fi himself, Ivan **FILIPPEL** Tans? Or what about **LOST IN SPACE**, **VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA**, **TUNNEL**, **LAND OF THE GIANTS**, and so on.

Still, in spite of itself, television has offered us one or



COSMIC COUPLES
SPACE: 1999 stars Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, the husband and wife team of **MISSION IMPOSSIBLE** fame. Almost as large as **STAR**



The interstellar stars of **SPACE: 1999**—Martin Landau, Commander John Koenig, Barbara Bain (Dr. Helena Russell) and Barry Morse (Professor Bergman)—should be no strangers to you and your addies. Husband and wife team Landau and Bain formerly starred in **MISSION IMPOSSIBLE**, and Barry Morse was better known as Lieutenant Geroard on **THE FUGITIVE** a few years back.

Two truly outstanding shows. **FWILIGHT ZONE**, **THE INVADERS** and that unsequenced brainchild of Joseph Stefano's, **THE OUTER LIMITS**, are a few that immediately come to mind. And for sheer audience appeal, no science-fiction series has yet matched Gene Roddenberry's **STAR TREK**. One of the things that made that series worthy of its following was its concept, one that allowed the Enterprise to "explore strange new universes and seek out new life and new civilizations." Within the limits of

Unidentified actress dons space outfit and spunky gaze for her chores in a no-to-be-remembered episode of **ITC'S SPACE: 1999**.



Roddenberry's budget, his script-writers could use the entire cosmos as a framing device for their plots. So with **SPACE: 1999**, a forthcoming sci-fi TV odyssey from England. Instead of having a starship to carry them through the galaxy, however, the people of **SPACE: 1999** travel the solar system on a natural satellite known to us all—the moon itself. Just how they do this makes up the better part of the pilot film, a not-to-be-missed hour of far-out space opera.

occasionally left something to be desired. It can be unequivocally stated, however, that the quality of the miniature and other effects work in **SPACE: 1999** will be on such a high level that the show may be called a "model for the tube." The man responsible for the exacting realism of these marvelous visuals is Brian Johnson, himself a part of the effects team on Kubrick's outer-space epic, 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**. Brian's apprenticeship under Doug Trumbull and Wally Pfister, as well as his work on other productions, has taught him many tricks, and he's had to use every one in order to fulfill the requirements of the more than 100 scripted special effects shots in the pilot show alone!



Our old friend Christopher Lee guest stars in the **EARTHBOUND** episode of **SPACE: 1999**. Chris plays Captain Zavelov, one of two surviving aliens from the dying planet Kaldor.

TREK'S itself, the fan following of the Landau should insure a built-in audience for this British-made series. Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, the producers of **U.F.O.**, **CAPTAIN SCARLETT**, and **THE PROTECTORS**, are filming **SPACE: 1999**. This ominous fact shouldn't worry anyone, though, because the Andersons have changed their tactics a bit this time, giving the new series room to breathe. The first and obvious change is their inclusion of heavyweights Landau and Bain in the cast. With these two in the leads the acting won't have that wooden, puppet-like quality that characterized earlier live-action Anderson series (undoubtedly a bad habit picked up by producing too many puppet shows like **FIREBALL XL5** and **STING-RAY**).

For added space spics, each episode of **SPACE: 1999** will feature guest stars, many of whom will be well-known to science-fiction and fantasy buffs. The series' first season promises an exciting episode starring Hammer veteran Christopher Lee, and another with Victor Frankenstein himself, Peter Cushing! And even more brilliant than the stars of **SPACE: 1999** will be the elaborate special effects. Although special effects in past Anderson series have usually been quite good, they

Fearful of an imminent explosion, lunar inhabitants investigate eerie danger signals at nuclear disposal area in **BLEAKYAWAY**, the initial episode of **SPACE: 1999**. The "radio" emits the advertisement of 311 (count 'em)—500 lunar stragglers on a runaway moon.



after the moon's displacement destroys the Earth via tidal waves and earthquakes. Sent speeding through the heavens on a dead world, the lunar survivors encounter all manner of arch aliens and intergalactic aberrations. Designing the costumes and sets for **SPACE: 1999** is Keith Wilson, a man whose undeniable talents have graced most of the Anderson's series. In conjunction with Brian Johnson, he has created some superb interiors—like the breathtakingly futuristic lunar command center—as well as some awesome exteriors. Like the sprawling modular Moonbase Alpha. His efforts have netted **SPACE: 1999** sets worthy of a big-budget sci-fi feature of the first magnitude. From every



LARGE LUNAR CHALLENGE
The premiere episode of **SPACE: 1999** offered a great challenge to the inequality of Brian and his crew. Working with a far smaller budget than **STAR TREK** had, they were expected to depict the developments leading up to and including the tearing away of the moon from its orbit around the Earth. The cause of this was the detonation of a stockpile of nuclear waste on the lunar surface. The inhabitants of a city, Moonbase Alpha, on the opposite side of the moon become the only human survivors in the universe

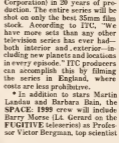


standpoint, **SPACE: 1999** shapes up as a real feast for the finished arcane-fiction fanatic. The producers are optimistic about its success, and with good reason: they've done their jobs well. It remains only for the airing of the first episode to see whether the general public, and not just the hard-core fans, take the series seriously.

Our old pal Peter Cushing gets in an appearance on the **GUARDIAN OF AN EPISODE**. Peter plays one of several aliens on a machine-dominated planet, planet Pit.

ADDITIONAL INFO
* The budget for each hour-long episode of **SPACE: 1999** has been set at \$275,000. That figure represents the highest budget for an hour series ever adopted by ITC (Independent Television Corporation) in 20 years of production. The entire series will be shot on only the best 35mm film stock. According to ITC, "We have more sets than any other television series has ever had—both interior and exterior—including new planets and locations in every episode." ITC producers can accomplish this by filming the series in England, where costs are less prohibitive.

* In addition to stars Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, the **SPACE: 1999** crew will include Barry Morse (Lt. Gerard on the **FUGITIVE** television series) and Professor Victor Bergman, top scientist

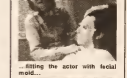


at Moonbase Alpha. Australian actor Nick Tate as Commander Alan Carter; Preston Hancock as Paul Morrow, Landau's second-in-command; and Anton Phillips as Dr. Paul Mathias. Also in the cast of regulars are Clifton Jones, Zienia Megera, Suzanne Roquette, and Sarah Bullen.

* Among the directors who'll be at the helm of various episodes are Lee H. Katzin (THE



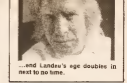
Martin Landau, as Commander Koenig, undergoes rapid aging in **BLACK SUN**—the third episode of ITC's **SPACE: 1999** series—a task that required the expert services of makeup man Russ Hovey.



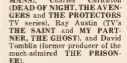
Landau relaxes as Nevel goes to work...



...fitting the actor with facial mold.



...atching in proper writhes and lines.



...and Landau's age doubles in next to no time.

SALZBURG CONNECTION, LE MANS, Christian Christian **DEAD OF NIGHT**, **THE INVADERS** and **THE PROTECTORS** TV series), Ray Austin (TV's **THE SAINT** and **MY PARTNER, THE GHOST**), and David Tomblin (former producer of the much-admired **PRISONER**).

Whether or not all of the 24 color episodes of **SPACE: 1999** soon to be released to the American syndication market live up to their advance accolades remains to be seen. You'll be able to make up your own mind soon enough, though, when 1975 becomes **SPACE: 1999**, on the tube at least.

JOEL
UMAN
TELLS
"HOW TO
MAKE A

Monster movie fans contemplating the idea of making a fright film feature of their own would be well-advised to read the following article and commit it to memory before embarking on their horrific venture. With a severely limited budget and generous doses of bad luck, Canadian independent filmmaker Joel Uman decided to make just such a film, which he titled **FIEND**, and found adversity at every turn. Still, against great odds, Joel did manage to get his project completed. If not yet released, the following is his first-hand report about the terrors of making his first horror film feature.

During the winter of 1973, with a cast of four and a crew of five including myself, I began directing my first feature-length horror film, entitled **FIEND**, it was to be the story of a young and beautiful girl who meets a mysterious—and dangerous—man and finds herself trapped in a bizarre world of torture and pain. Needless to say, it was a very low-budget enterprise, and one for which I was providing almost all of the money myself. Because of multiple money problems, the film was shot in 16mm rather than the usual 35mm. And the low budget also dictated the small cast and crew.

But just what was I doing directing an 80-minute color horror film under such difficult circumstances? Well, for several years I had been trying to put together a package—that is, a script, a cast, and a director—that would interest some distributor and convince him to finance the necessary production money. I had been working on the script off and on for about a year before it was ready. I was living in Montreal at the time and took the script to a number of local distributors before finally getting an enthusiastic response from one of them. They liked the script very much, they assured me, but at the moment were very busy with one of their own productions. Could I come back in about six weeks?

Sure I could! I was excited by their interest, and what was six weeks' waiting after a year of work? Six weeks later, I went back. Oh, well, so sorry, I was told, but we're still awfully busy. Why don't you phone us back in a



One of independent film filmmaker Joel Uman's **FIEND** characters drives through a tunnel on an urban street in a one-year feature film that has yet to see release in the United States.

me as soon as he got back.

Three months later, there was still no word. I got fed up and decided to make the film on my own. I gave up on shooting in 35mm. 16mm would be cheaper. Besides, I owned my own 16mm equipment and therefore could save on rental costs. I cut the budget drastically, but the film called for much special

actors who would be willing to work for a rather small salary. Then came finding the various locations. The major 'set' of the film was supposed to be an old winery in east Montreal. A large, dark, spooky place...perfect for a horror film.

Then I had to order the necessary special effects equipment and makeup. Even a simple thing like artificial blood couldn't be found in Canada and had to be ordered from Hollywood. For some reason, the fake blood arrived six months late, preventing us from starting the film on schedule and almost sabotaging the entire project, for the delay carried us into the peak season for the winery, and they were working 24 hours a day. There was no way we could film in

wines to a 12-volt battery, and the bullet hit explodes.

These bullet hits were taped to special body armor, small discs of very strong aluminum sheet which were themselves attached to the girl. On top of each bullet hit, a small plastic bag of artificial blood was taped in place. Then the girl's clothes went on top, concealing the bullet hits and the blood. When the explosives are set off, they tear open the plastic bags and the blood spurts through the torn clothing in a shockingly realistic manner. This was the same technique they used in **THE WILD BUNCH** and **BONNIE AND CLYDE**.

Other scenes called for the girl to be stabbed. In this case the aluminum armor was again used, but instead of a bullet hit taped on top, the armor was covered with soft pine. On top went another sack of blood. When the girl was stabbed through her clothing, the knife tore the plastic bag, releasing the blood. This was then stuck into the soft pine and can stay in place without the actor's assistance. The aluminum armor, of course, protects the knife from actually cutting the girl.

In addition, many of these scenes were filmed in slow motion, which causes the blood to spurt very slowly and sail through the air, making the overall effect that much more frightening.

Of course, all of this is very time-consuming, as well as very expensive. And the final sequence would prove to be the most expensive of all. A wild car chase through the winding and hilly streets of Montreal, camouflaged as a spectacular train. Normally, when shooting a car chase, there are duplicates of each vehicle available. If one car spins out when it's not supposed to—which happens all too frequently in anything as complicated as a good chase—and is demolished before the script calls for it, the second vehicle will be substituted. But we couldn't afford such luxuries, so if anything went wrong, well, that would be the end of our chase. The cars were a Falcon and a Vega. In the first scene, which was taking a corner at 60 mph, the Vega skids, crashes, and blows through the top of the car. In several large gunpowder bombs were placed in strategic locations inside the car. On top of them were large plastic bags containing several gallons of gasoline mixed with water. When the bombs went off, they ignited the gasoline/air mixture, causing the spectacular fireball type of explosion so popular in the James Bond film.

Next came the tedious dubbing job. Most large budget films have all the dialogue recorded at the same time as the picture is being filmed—only sound effects are added later. As an economy measure, however, I chose to dub the entire film. Every separate sound effect, every word of dialogue, had to be recorded and then edited to fit the film. This proved to be a painstaking process, since every word must match the actors' lips exactly.

There were numerous screams and roars in **FIEND**, and I recorded these at the location apartment. It was rather un-

deranged horror screams to be so unseen as those of one of my last sequences from **FIEND**. The screaming scenes were recorded at the actor's apartment and our straggling filmmaker found the someone would call the cops in earnest, but thanks to publicity, these tears were to prove unfruitful.

setting asking her to scream at the top of her lungs while I ran the tape recorder, unsettling because I was sure someone in the crowded apartment building would think a real murder was being committed and would call the cops. I had forgotten about public apathy; no one even stirred.

Along with the plentiful screams were lots and lots of stabbing sounds, including the really gruesome sounds of ripping flesh. Both were simulated by stabbing and ripping open a cabbage head with a pocket knife.

At this point, with the film edited and the soundtrack mixed, a final print was made. I thought the hardest part was over...but I was wrong. I still had to convince a distributor to distribute **FIEND**.

There was one very important fact of movie industry life that I didn't know before I shot **FIEND**, and it was to cause me great trouble just when I thought the simple fact is that most distributors are not really interested in pushing a film, they weren't involved in during production. If they distributed your film, they'd only be providing competition for films in which they themselves had invested. About the only distributors interested in independent productions are those who have not invested in any films themselves. These are usually very small companies with little or no muscle in the industry and therefore they don't stand much chance of giving the independent producer a very good outlet for his film.

I discovered this all too real situation when I went to New York with a print of **FIEND** (and a print of another film I was exactly tuckered, as the print weighed about thirty pounds!) I had offers, but the distributors who I could distribute the film by myself, which is a very expensive and extremely tricky operation or I could go with regional distributors. These small companies only distribute to a small section of the country, and you have to pay up the cost of the print covered. They show the film at one or two kind theaters, judge what kind of audience the film attracts, and then the film at another theater catering to that group, make a little money, use that money to set up further showings, and so on. A film might take two years to cross the country in this way. But that's really the only avenue open to me. So although you'd probably get to see **FIEND** eventually, don't hold your breath waiting. It may be quite a while.

THIS GIRL IS ABOUT TO DIE. SLOWLY. BRUTALLY.



WARNING!
THIS FILM VIBRATES
DEVICE'S STABBINGS
AND MUTILATIONS!
"AN STUDY OF GORE
AND BLOOD"
—MEDIA REVIEW

SEX! VIOLENCE! ACTION!
FIEND! THE MOST VIOLENT FILM EVER MADE!
MIX KUBRICK, PECKINPAH, LEONE, AND FELLINI... AND YOU HAVE...



This girl may be about to die, but **FIEND** may never be born at all, so domestic distributors tend to turn green thumbs down on films they haven't been directly involved in. Hope yours earned it on Uman's lines. However, and our indistinguishable light filmmaker get chance of seeing **FIEND** in light.

effects work and ended with an exciting car chase and crash...



there at this time of the year. Disaster! The whole script had been written around that location. So not only did I have to find another place to shoot, but I had to rewrite the script to fit the new location!

So there I was, six months away, shooting in the middle of a bitterly cold Montreal winter. At times it was so bad that the camera actually slowed down from the cold, ruining the takes.

FILLING FIEND WITH PAINFUL SCENES

The film was filled with stabbings and shootings, necessitating much special effects work. Most of these scenes occur during various fantasy sequences which represent the hallucinations of the dragged heroine. In one scene, the girl is stabbed. **FIEND** of the title—shoots the girl repeatedly at point-blank range. To show the wounds on the girl, special explosive devices called bullet hits were ordered from Hollywood. Smaller but more powerful than a firecracker, each bullet hit has two wires leading from it. Connect the

The next problem was finding

A dramatic blood shortage resulted in a six-month shooting delay. One of many notorious complications for which the would-be independent filmmaker has to be prepared. Horror films can provide a good deal of fun behind the scenes as well.

couple of weeks? Several weeks later, they were not to be heard from me again, and that they wanted me to meet the head of the company to discuss my script. The only trouble was that he was in Europe; they'd phone

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IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE
 CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

upon the planet Mars, six will return. There is no longer a question of murder, but of an alien and elemental life force. A planet so cruel, so hostile, that Man may find it necessary to bypass it in his endeavor to explore and understand the universe...another name for Mars is: Death!

CLAUSTROPHOBIC CLASSIC

Surprisingly few films have dealt with the intriguingly intimate terror of a monster loose on a spaceship or other vehicle. In **MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE** (1965), a fungus brought from lunar ice caves threatened to engulf Space Station X-7;

three-hour "Spectacular," IT! accomplished, with great success, everything it had set out to do and consumed only 69 minutes in ending so. Precious time is not wasted on endless dialogue or introductory scenes; the tight script by Jerome Klinkowitz and the superb editing by Grant Whytock contribute to an unusually fast and frenetic pace throughout most of the picture. Once the monster's presence is known, there's barely a moment's respite from the "chills 'n' thrills." The keynote is action, and action is precisely what **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** delivers.

Nearly everything works here. The cast is low-key, properly grim, restrained and highly believable at all times, lending a distinct feeling of credibility to the story. Even the most romantic elements are de-emphasized, with only a minor sub-plot

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Even though I got the nitrate dust and died an ignoble death at the conclusion of the film, we at **IT!** will always remember him as we see him here: a tall, imposing monster of impeccable bearing and unparalleled ferocity who asked only for a little room to breathe. You may think his sentimental old folks for saying that, but there you have it and there you go.

THE GREEN SLIME (1969) invaded Gamma One, while a vampire woman from another world wrought havoc on a spaceship in Curtis Harrington's **QUEEN OF BLOOD** (1966). In **DESTINATION: INNER SPACE** (also '66), an amphibious creature from an underwater flying saucer attacked scientists in a research lab. Also, many episodes of the defunct Irwin Allen teleseries **VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA** dealt with various monsters—including a deadly Lobster Man—causing destruction on board the submarine Seaview. None of those, however, even approached the breathless excitement and claustrophobic horror attained in **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE**. IT! proved that a film need not have a big budget, color stock, name stars or a long running time in order to be effective. Unlike so many overblown

involving Ann's switch of affections from Van Heusen to Carruthers emerging toward the end of the film. The script is intelligent and the characters are realistic. Technical contributions are similarly impressive: fine, crisp black and white photography by Kenneth Peach, Sr., an appropriately thrilling and atmospheric musical score by Bert Shefter and Paul Sawtell, and an authentic-looking array of interior spaceship sets under the art direction of William Glasgow and set decoration by Herman Seobenbraun. Special effects, although hardly **FORBIDDEN PLANET** or 2001 vintage and limited by the film's relatively low budget, are professionally handled under the circumstances. The Harrison terrain and the spaceship lift-off, glimpses of the "Challenge 142" traveling through the starry reaches of interplanetary space,

meteors occasionally flickering by and at the scene wherein Carruthers and Calder walk down the outside hull of the ship are all quite skillfully done. A unique touch is the use of an electronic siren on the sound track as an eerie accompaniment to the otherwise silent space exteriors. Slowly the creature suit worn by Ray will recognize the sound effect of the pulsating Martian flying machines used in IT!

In all, IT THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE was one of the best-made and, at times, one of the scariest science fiction/horror films of its decade. Although it was essentially a "monster-is-loose" melodrama, it never had pretensions of being more than that. As such, and as a very suspenseful and taut film, it certainly is underserving of the near-oblivion to which it has seemingly been relegated.

fully funny—and in the face that the snarling facial expression on the beast never changes. (Paul Blaisdell's monster suits, such as those seen in DAY THE WORLD ENDED, THE SHE-CREATURE and IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, have never received wide acclaim for their facial flexibility.)

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IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (1958) 86 minutes. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. Synopsis by Jerome Boney. Starring: Marshall Thompson (Carnibal), Shawn Scott (Anita), Kim Roberts (Jan Roberts), Paul Langford (Galen), Dabbs Greer (Esc. Royce), Ann Doran (Mary Royce), Robert Rice (Pharok), Richard Benedict (Doc Frenki), Richard Harvey (Gen'l Frenki), Thom Carrey (Katholok), Ray "Crash" Corrigan (AAM).

The Monster Fair Pair

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